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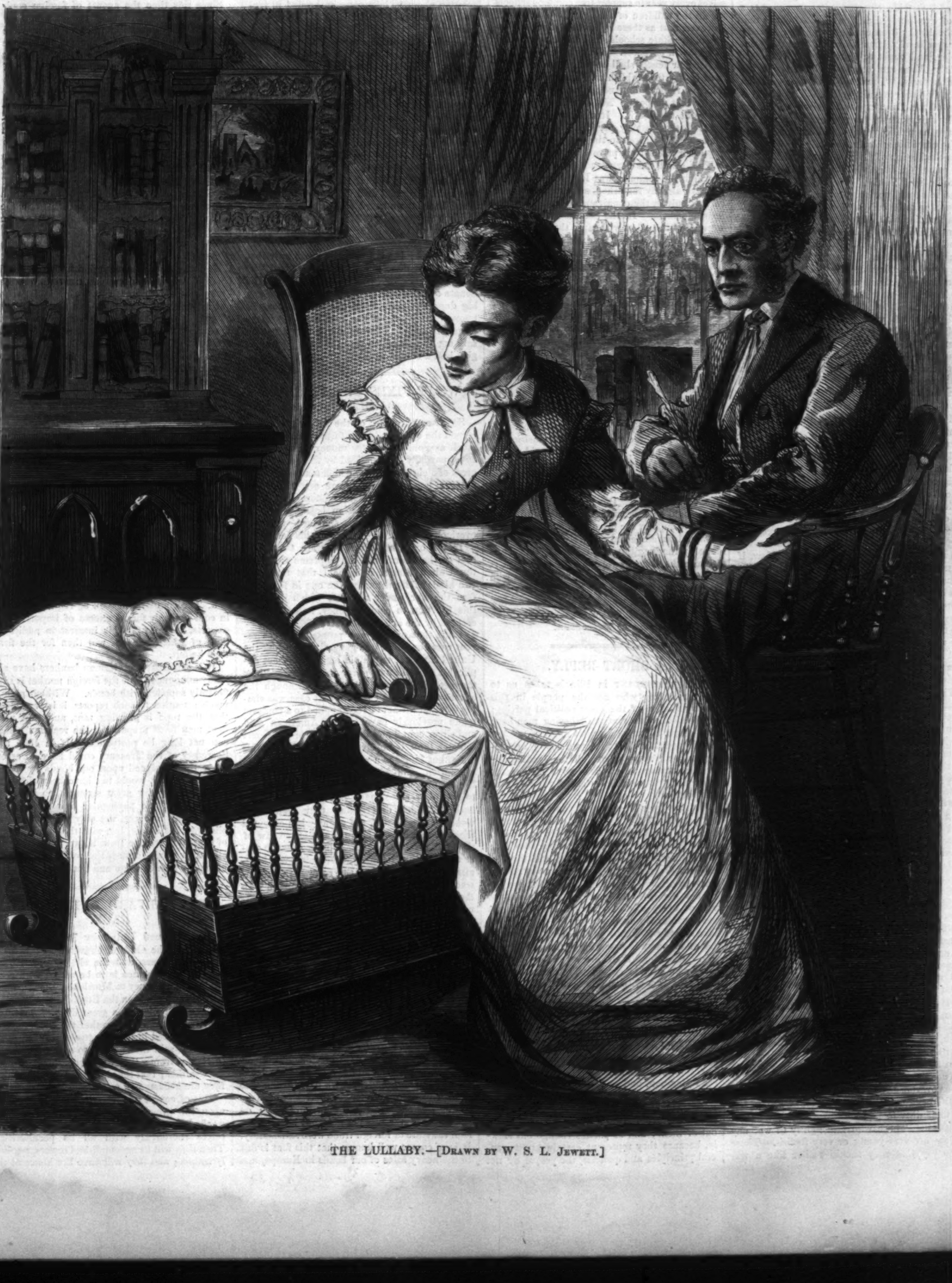


THE LULLABY.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, May 29, 1869.

Mr. SUMNER'S SPEECH IN ENGLAND.

It is a great misfortune that the London newspapers, instead of printing Mr. Sumner's speech, so that every body might have seen exactly what he said, should have given what they called an abstract of it, with their comments. Those Englishmen who pride themselves upon fair play must have been indignant with a course which was susceptible of so unhandsome an interpretation. And it is precisely this kind of action which makes the rest of the world smile at the loud claim of fair play in which John Bull so often indulges. The speech evidently produced a profound excitement. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the "fruitlessness of further negotiations, and the necessity of being prepared for war." The *Daily News* remarks that "Mr. Sumner not only presents a bill of five hundred millions, but demands that we should pay it on our knees." The *Morning Star* speaks of "demands which are utterly untenable, and ought to be resisted." The *Star* and the *News* are our especial friends in the London press. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is an organ of the governing class. The observations of the *Times* upon American affairs are wholly unimportant. It represents nothing but a guess at public opinion, and expresses none of the convictions that make it.

In elucidation of these comments of the London press, Mr. Justin M'Carthy has written a letter to the *Tribune*. Mr. M'Carthy is entitled to speak, not only as "a British subject happening to be in New York," but as a gentleman familiar with our politics, friendly to this country, and recently editorially attached to the London *Morning Star*. He says that Mr. Sumner is regarded as the most pacific and the calmest of American Senators, and what he said upon the subject was naturally supposed to be the least that any American could say. If, therefore, he hoped that the question might be settled without war, the inference was that public opinion in this country had resolved upon a settlement, even at the cost of war. "England," says Mr. M'Carthy, "is just now convinced that General Grant's government means to put a pistol to her head at once, and then demand the settlement of the *Alabama* claims."

His remark is justified by the tone of the comments of which we have spoken. Mr. Sumner is understood to claim in behalf of the more moderate of Americans that England shall apologize for her recognition of the rebels as belligerents; that she shall pay the actual losses to American commerce by the depredations of the rebel pirates; and that she shall also pay the cost of the ships that might have been built except for her attitude, of the commerce that might have been carried on, and also the expenses of a year or two of the war. Now, if John Bright were understood, under similar circumstances, to have made such demands of this country in the name of our friends in England, what would probably be the tone of our newspaper comments? Is it wholly improbable that even those of us who most deprecate any misunderstanding with England would say that if this were really the ground of moderate men and of our friends in England, we must begin to consider the strength of our navy?

The great reason of our regret that the English papers did not publish Mr. Sumner's speech is, that every reader would then have seen what he did say, not what excited editors might represent him as saying. Mr. Sumner is not Secretary of State, and, as we remarked at the time, his speech is not the sketch of a treaty. Nor does he any where say in his speech what the terms of a treaty should be. He insists that a settlement is desirable. Then as a necessary step toward it, he states amply and forcibly the scope and character of the American claims. But he goes no further. Having displayed the long list of grievances he adds: "It will be for a wise statesmanship to determine how this fearful accumulation, like Pelion upon Ossa, shall be removed out of sight." And again: "Be the claims more or less, they are honestly presented, with the conviction that they are just, and they should be considered candidly." These are not the words of an ultimatum; and had the London newspapers published the speech there are thoughtful men enough in England who would have seen that they are not.

Happily this question will be considered upon both sides of the ocean by such men, and their opinion will be heard and felt. Fortunately, also, the chip-on-the-shoulder diplomacy will not be encouraged by Secretary Fish, and the last few years have educated a class of men in this country whose voice and judgment are not to be overborne by the clamor of "insult." The United States have proved their power, and it is their duty to be very wary that they do not abuse it. Those who talk lightly of war any where are very young or very foolish. Those who say that they should rather like a war with England are men to be distrusted. No greater misfortune could befall the world than such an event; and all honest and patriotic men in both countries will do what they can to reason together as friends, not to gibe and denounce as enemies.

MANTEROLA IN NEW YORK.

The citizens of New York who are sufficiently interested in their taxes to read the levies which were passed by the late Legislature—after reducing by one-half the attempted Democratic increase of six millions of dollars—will observe that twenty per cent. of the Excise fund is to be given to private schools. This sum will be about three hundred thousand dollars, which will be chiefly claimed, as it was intended it should be, by the Roman Catholic schools.

This is but another illustration of the pertinacious attempt of that ecclesiastical organization to destroy the Public School system of the State. The people of New York tax themselves every year to support free common schools for all the children of the State. They insist, however, that as there is no State church or religion, the State schools shall not be prostituted to sectarian purposes. If any sect insists that its peculiar tenets shall be taught in schools, it is at liberty to establish and sustain them, but it has no right to demand the money of the people for that purpose. Nor has the Legislature any right to give it. It could as justly have resolved that twenty per cent. of the Excise fund should be given to the opera bouffe, or to any other exclusively private enterprise.

This grant has been made by a Legislature in which the majority was Republican, but, as we have already remarked, such measures were carried only by the connivance of a few Republican members. In the Senate the tax levies were passed at all only because three Republican Senators, Messrs. Mattoon, Van Petten, and Williams, deserted their party friends. This grant is a victory for the sectarian enemies of our free Common School system. It is a step nearer to the concession of the proportional share of the school fund to every sect, and such a concession is the end of the system. The tendency of such measures is fatal to intelligent popular government.

The State demands the education of all its citizens and provides for them. But if it provides also for their sectarian instruction, it will soon find itself taxing its own resources to support schools in which doctrines fundamentally incompatible with the Republican principle are taught. When Spain feels the birth throe of the Republic, she denounces the Inquisition as the fatal foe of her welfare. The fervid orator who condemns the church to which she has been so long subject proclaims the Republic as the condition of her permanent release from ecclesiastical thralldom. But if the Priest Manterola could have persuaded the Cortes to grant money to support the private schools of his sect, he would have effected precisely what has been done by the Legislature of New York. It is because the Democratic party in this State is falling so much under the control of those who sympathize with this ecclesiastical party, that its return to power would be so serious a blow to some of the most essential safeguards of the popular principle and government.

A SHORT REPLY.

A correspondent in Illinois takes us to task for asking who are the people in this country outside of the great political parties; and he also insists that the laboring men have not a single representative in Congress, nor any friend except Senator Sprague whom, according to our correspondent, all the leading papers are trying to crush because he has the courage to tell the people that they are cheated and deceived.

But we are still of the opinion that the voting people of the country, the adult males, generally belong to one of the two great parties. There are very few persons who vote the Democratic ticket this year and the Republican the next, and the party majorities in the States very slowly change. What we say is, that the great body of the people do not wait at every election to read the platforms and consider the candidates of the parties—but have already decided that the success of one or the other party is essential to the public welfare. Of course there are some who are not party men in this sense; who vote now with one party, now with another; but they are the exceptions.

Our correspondent, for instance, voted for General Grant. We have no doubt that he also voted for Mr. Lincoln. And if his business should seriously dwindle and his taxes continue to be very heavy he might very possibly think that the fire would be no worse than the frying-pan, and so vote with the other party. But this is exceptional. The people, that is, the voters, are undoubtedly the Government in this country, but they are in the parties, not out of them; and as parties change but slowly, because they represent certain great general principles and policies, the people do not go with a tremendous majority one way this year and another the next. Even when the great overthrow of the Democratic policy of slavery-extension and protection was accomplished, it was only after a long and strenuous struggle, and then not by an actual majority of all the voters.

As for the doctrines of Senator Sprague, we do not consciously oppose them, because, after reading his speeches, we do not know what they are. That the Senate is composed of lawyers, and is therefore a tyrannical body, which, as he said at the Cooper Institute, he has been "obliged, contrary to my nature, to antagonize myself with for the benefit of my country and my country's people," is a view of the Senate requiring a special investigation, for which life hardly affords time. That there is immense corruption in the country, and horrible extravagance, and that capital is a perilous power, we are certainly disposed to admit. But when the Senator invites people to "antagonize the ideas" which he expresses, but "to keep their hands" off him, the difficulty is to discover the ideas to be antagonized. A volley of declamation about "viciousness enthroned in legislation" can not be accepted as a statement of ideas.

We advise our Illinois correspondent to await the Senator's suggestions. When he says that "his words find a response in every true laborer's heart," our friend really means only that at a time when the burdens upon labor are heavy a man in high position who declares the Senate or the Government to be responsible for them, is a true friend of the laborer. But this is certainly nothing very new. It is, indeed, one of the oldest "dodges" in history. But what measures does the Senator propose to lighten those burdens? We all know also in general that there is a great deal of corruption in politics. Indeed, we heard a Rhode Islander say within a few days, "If Mr. Doyle is re-elected Mayor of Providence you will hear that it means that the people of the city support Senator Sprague; but it will really mean only that he has spent more money than ever!" If the Senator knows of cases of corruption in the Senate or elsewhere he ought not to talk about big dogs and little dogs, but tell us what he knows. If, also, he has any ideas upon the proper financial policy of the country, we assure our Illinois friend that the newspapers will give him a candid hearing.

WHAT FIXES THE PRICE OF GOLD?

So far as our cities on the Atlantic are concerned the question in this form is proper, inasmuch as gold and silver money have been in effect partially demonetized by the act of Congress of February, 1862, which made Treasury notes a legal tender. There are many who still insist that our legal tenders should be stated at their depreciation below gold—the latter being treated as the standard—but they overlook the controlling force of this act.

In the opinion delivered by Mr. Chase, as that of the majority of the Supreme Court of the United States, it is held that there are two kinds of legal tender, the one in force before the war, under the acts which imparted this function to coined money, and the other created by the act of February, 1862.

Until that opinion was pronounced in a recent case the belief was general throughout the United States that the old legal tender act applicable to gold and silver was superseded by the act of February, 1862; but although the question before the Court in that case was simply whether the act of 1862 applied to a contract made previously payable in "American gold and silver coin," and the majority of the Court did not limit themselves to a decision of this point, but laid down rules more appropriate to legislation, applicable to contracts made after the act of 1862 took effect payable in coin, and to contracts since made payable in currency, both of which descriptions they maintained would be legal—still, the country has accepted these *obiter dicta* as being the adjusted law of the land, inasmuch as it is supposed that in other cases before the Court these points will hereafter be fully decided. But so few are the contracts made payable in coin, as compared with those to be performed in our legalized paper-money, that the act of 1862 must be regarded as having fixed the principal standard. It is a peculiar one, however, as it is a promise to pay the coined dollar, in which, however, it is not redeemed.

Although the price of gold, measured by greenbacks, is determined by the general law of demand and supply, various causes are at work which appear to control its operation. Duties are collected in gold and gold is paid for interest by the Government, and whatever balance remains due for imports over and above our exports must be paid in coin. But notwithstanding that there is a large annual excess of imports, and that we pay an immense sum to Europe for interest, there has been no recent demand for the shipment of coin; on the contrary, the price of gold has been as low as if the state of foreign trade were satisfactory. It is of course well known that this fact is due to the heavy sales of our bonds in Europe, and to the loans made both here and abroad by foreign capitalists on these securities.

Since the inauguration of General Grant these loans—many of them from their peculiar features called options in Wall Street—have been much diminished on account of the ease with which the bonds, theretofore deposited as collateral, were sold. This is favorable, inasmuch as a large amount of floating debt has been paid off from the proceeds of such sales; but eventually the amount of permanent debt due by us to the other side must seriously tell upon our industry.

The panic in London in 1866 was followed by a large demand for coin from this country. Our exportation of it in that year amounted to about seventy millions of dollars. The Treasury, then under the charge of Mr. M'Culloch, aided this tendency by heavy sales of Treasury gold. It was at the time claimed, in behalf of the Treasury, that putting out this gold then was good policy, as its export abroad gave ease to markets which purchased our bonds, and which would have returned them but for this advantage.

Since this time the agents of foreign capitalists in this country have almost uniformly aided to keep down the price of gold. The large English and German houses checked the speculation in gold of 1867 and 1868 by sales short. They had gold to sell—the proceeds of these bonds—and it is not improbable that they supposed the *tendency* would be supported by the Government toward returning to specie payments. They wished, also, to remain in a situation to ship coin to their principals at the lowest price if they needed to do so.

The opinion has prevailed among our own financiers that the price of gold has all along been determined chiefly by the operations of the Government, or by the fear of its sales at a time when large amounts were held in the Treasury; but the better opinion is that the price arose from these combined causes.

The amount of bonds now within the reach of foreign capitalists is not large; and we now, therefore, approach that period in our financial condition when our customs receipts will be limited to such imports as we can pay for with our exports, and when excessive accumulations of gold in the Treasury can not be expected. It scarcely need be said that our large imports are due to the free sale of our bonds, and that when these sales cease, we must fall back on what our industry produces.

The state of things which must soon be squarely faced is this:

1. Our paper currency, consisting of three per cent. certificates, Treasury notes not paying interest, National Bank, and fractional issues, amount to about $692,000,000. That this amount is at least two hundred millions in excess of what is required to permit the ordinary circulation of the precious metals in this country must be conceded. When the extraordinary circumstances we have mentioned cease to operate, this excess of paper must tell upon the price of gold with more certainty than it has lately done.

2. The annual payment of interest and dividends to Europe, which will amount to sixty millions of dollars, will soon be turned from an apparent fiction into a weighty reality.

3. The country will then be required to pay in coin not only for its excess of imports over exports, but also for this interest in addition, both of which burdens will then for the first time be felt.

It is said that the German bankers have already announced that the foreign market is sufficiently supplied with bonds. Without giving much attention to such reports, it is very clear that the rope is growing taut, and that prudent men must prepare for the reaction which can not long be postponed. If in 1865 the Secretary of the Treasury could have foreseen the estimate placed upon our bonds by European holders, it would not have been difficult, thus knowing our great strength, to have returned to specie payments; but having exhausted this resource, not only without accomplishing that object, but with the disadvantage of a greater remove from it, we must summon all our fortitude to meet the contingencies now before us with courage and honor.

THE HARVARD AND OXFORD RACE.

The Harvard University Boat Club have challenged the Oxford University Club for a race of four oars, and the challenge has been accepted. The race is to be rowed with coxswains from Putney to Mortlake; that is, upon English water, and in the English manner. We observe that there is a great deal of doubt of the result expressed, or rather the victory seems to be conceded in advance to our English cousin. It is said that he has so many more men to choose from; that they are so used to rowing together; that they know the route, and that they are accustomed to a coxswain.

But of course our American athletes will be upon the ground—that is, the water—some weeks before the trial, and will acquaint themselves thoroughly with all its peculiarities. Then they will be accomplished rowers, perfectly trained, and they will have the honor of the universal Yankee nation in their charge. For ourselves, we do not accept the forebodings of many of the papers that we have seen. Why shouldn't a Harvard man, fitted for rowing and carefully disciplined, strong, supple, wiry, calm, and resolute — for such, of course, the chosen heroes will be—why shouldn't he do as well with his oar as cousin Bull? Rowing is not so old a tradition in our colleges as it is in the English, but it has been practiced for many years; and it is not so profound and intricate a science as to require successive generations for its mastery. Dancing, also, is a very much older practice in England than with us, but we should willingly challenge the drawing-rooms of England to a bout of "dancers dancing in tune."

If the challenge had been of another kind—say a contest of writing Greek verses—we might have been less hopeful, for reasons that could be readily stated. As it is, we doubt upon one point only, and that is the old advantage of the English over the French, phlegm. The circumstances are so extraordinary, the consciousness of the Harvard crew that they are combating Englishmen in England with both countries looking on, may be so overpowering that a little nervousness may betray all. Phlegm, gentlemen, phlegm is all that you may want—possibly not that. Then slow, sure, steady—and Putney and Mortlake shall be immortal names in the Fasti of Harvard.

EX-POLICE COMMISSIONER ACTON.

THE retirement of THOMAS C. ACTON from the Board of Police Commissioners, of which he has been so long President, is deeply regretted by all those who honor the devotion of great abilities and energies to the public service with no other reward than the consciousness of the most important duties most efficiently done.

In times of any anticipated trouble Mr. ACTON was always at his post, calm, vigilant, prompt; dealing with disorder and danger in the same spirit of intelligent mastery with which a General superintends great operations in the field. A certain intensity and quiet enthusiasm of temperament, allied to the most admirable executive qualities, always implied victory. Fearless, modest, and untiring—it is certainly not too much to say, and his associates would be the first to declare, that the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, which had become very much a model force, was especially due to Mr. ACTON. During the riots of 1863 the force was as brave and effective as a regiment that decides a battle. For three days, indeed, it fought the most trying and difficult battle, and helped to win one of the great triumphs of the war.

Mr. ACTON is comparatively a young man; but his incessant devotion to duties which in their nature are so relentless and exhaustive, has so impaired his health that he is compelled to resign. An earnest petition, signed by the most eminent citizens of all sympathies, was presented to him, asking him still to retain the office. But he had satisfied himself that total relief from the onerous responsibility was essential, and he properly persisted in his resignation. No public officer has merited warmer thanks from this great city, and as he retires from his arduous office we are glad to believe that he will be followed by the most grateful respect of all good citizens.

SPANISH PROJECTS.

THE Spanish Cortes, by the decisive vote of 182 to 64, has rejected the proposition to make Spain a republic, and is discussing the project of a triennial Directory to be appointed by the Cortes. Neither fact is surprising; but both show that the hold of the monarchical form upon Spain is not strong. The more cautious revolutionists may naturally fear the sudden conversion of the government into a purely popular one, while they probably regard the Directory as a bridge by which the country can pass from the old form to the new. Yet the Constitution as sketched already provides for universal suffrage in the election of the Cortes. The Directory is to be named by that body apparently for three years. But what is to happen if the Cortes and its creature, the Directory, differ, is not stated. The probable result would be that of the difference between President LOUIS NAPOLEON and the French Assembly—a successful *coup d'état* or civil war. The Directory would disperse the Cortes, or the Cortes would overthrow the Directory.

Further debate will very probably expose the difficulties, and indeed the impracticabilities of an executive power appointed by the Legislature, yet independent of it. If the Spaniards do not wish for a monarchy, the republic is the only sensible alternative. The expectation of politically educating a nation to a republic by a kind of interregnum of semi-monarchy is one of the favorite fallacies of doctrinaires; and if the suffrage become general in Spain, and no single leader, like LOUIS NAPOLEON, turns it to his own purposes, it will inevitably control the Government. A Directory of three or more members will be nothing unless there be a man of real force in it. If there be, he must be a Spaniard of great principle and moderation not to aim at something more. If there be more than one such man, they will be in constant peril of division.

As yet it is certainly creditable to the leaders in this remarkable Spanish revolution that they have not apparently attempted any false play. Even ESCALAR, the ablest of the extreme liberals, has no suspicion of PRIM himself, and asks why Spain should not be content with a government composed of the acknowledged and trusted liberal leaders. A more sensible question was never asked. Nor is it easy to see why a Cortes, elected by universal suffrage, and founding a government upon the same principle, should not give the natural answer to such a question. The result is, however, not doubtful. The tone of the Cortes is not reactionary, and as yet there is nothing in the condition of the country to produce a reaction. The monarchical parties have not dared to make any serious attempts, and the peaceful acceptance of the Spanish situation by the other European powers is a moral fortification of the revolution. The revolution has developed a party in full and intelligent sympathy with the most advanced political thought of the time—a party so strong that it goes far to explain the tranquillity of the country. It would be interesting to know if this sentiment is broad enough to dispose properly of the colonial question, which has been usually the weakness of parent states. Even LOUIS NAPOLEON has stoutly contended for the "autonomy of peoples," which is imperial for self-government. If the resolution of Cuba to be an independent state should be plainly evident, would a man like ESCALAR, for instance, who is instructed as well as sagacious, insist that the old Spanish policy of clinging to American possessions at all costs shall be the policy of new Spain?

MR. SWEENEY'S BOARD.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of Mr. SWEENEY'S plan for the reorganization of the Public School system of the city of New York, we remarked that the effort was not a new one; for during the last autumn it was proposed to turn out Mr. BOESE, the efficient and experienced Secretary of the Board of Education, and replace him by Mr. HITCHMAN, whom we described as a young New York politician, and "the political friend of Messrs. SWEENEY, TWEED, HALL, & Company, who manage the party." We added that Mr. HITCHMAN warmly supported Mr. SWEENEY'S bill.

Mr. HITCHMAN, in his place in the Assembly, called attention to our remarks, said that they were wholly unfounded, and that he should support the bill or not as he thought best. A few days later he warmly advocated the bill in committee. He voted for it in the House. It became a law—and we observe that at the first meeting of the new Board of Messrs. HALL, SWEENEY, & Company's Commissioners Mr. HITCHMAN was elected Secretary. We hope that he may be as diligent and admirable an officer as Mr. BOESE. But what did he gain by denying that he supported Mr. SWEENEY'S bill?

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

THE Superintendent of the New Haven Railroad states, in his late report, that during the past thirteen years ending March 31, 1869, 18,571,087 passengers have been carried over the road without an accident to any train while on that road that caused the loss of a single life or limb to any passenger so transported. This is a very agreeable statement; but we should have supposed that the accident near Harlem, by which Mrs. GODWIN and others were so seriously injured, was within that time. It would have been interesting to remark how many lives had been lost, and how many accidents had occurred through carelessness or otherwise upon the road. But we are very glad to publish so striking a fact as that mentioned, and to know that a road which is necessarily so much traveled is managed with such care and success. There is nothing more advantageous to railroad property than the public conviction that life and limb are secure upon it.

THE MORE HASTE THE WORSE SPEED.

DID the *Daily Sentinel* of Raleigh, North Carolina, ever hear of the man who suddenly burst out upon a neighbor whom he met with a volley of tremendous oaths and imprecations; devoting him to all conceivable pains here and hereafter; raging more and more as he swore, until he was a wholly melancholy spectacle; and when the neighbor calmly asked what he was talking about, the accuser replied, "What am I talking about? Why, about you who have been insulting me!"

"You are very much mistaken."

"What! you didn't say that I was a monolith, nor a vulgar fraction, nor a gyascutum?"

"No."

"Well," replied the man, walking away, "if any body should ever call me so you know now what I should say."

The *Daily Sentinel* prints the following words, and declares they are from *Harper's Weekly*: "One wonders that the South does not rebel anew when he considers the miserable vermin who have been sent down there as Government officials." Thereupon, of course, *Harper's Weekly* is "a vile sheet," "a stench," "a traducer of our best and truest and bravest," and a great many other disagreeable things. Of course nothing of the kind ever appeared in this paper, except, possibly, as a quotation from some Copperhead critic. We remember one instance of the kind, where certain foul abuse of President LINCOLN was quoted in illustration of some point—probably of Copperhead veracity or urbanity—and it was straightway published as our opinion of the President. However, if any paper should hereafter use the words falsely attributed to us, we now know what the *Sentinel* would say of it.

NOTES.

PERHAPS our readers have not seen the following pleasant little illustration of the fact that some kind of preparation for the civil service—say the rudiments of a common English education—would not be entirely superfluous. This is a letter from a person recently in high official position:

JAN 25th 1868.

Dear Gener'l

I am in Receipt of yours of 18th Inst. I wrote HUNTINGTON that C. EWING had large interests in the Contracts and vouchers and all would be right, as soon as the Appropriations were maid. I shel come to Washington Just as soon as I am relieved or before if not relieved by 15th of Febr. I shel come on and we can then fix all up.

About the House I will see you on that matter also I shel not closse on the House now.

Now Genrl I am after A biger and more profitabel enterprise than Indian Business can be I can place you and HUNTINGTON in it it costs nothing only to git A Bill endorced by Congress to pay Intrest on State Bonds for Levee purposes this will work and cost nothing.

Why did you not git Apt as I wrote you by Solisotor to appear in the wine cases you let A good thing slip

I wish you would do all you can for Col CASEYS Apt in my place I am anctious to have him Appointed for Several Reasons if he is Apt I will Join you and Remaine in N. O, and the South and forward business to you, for I could then have a bace for A fine business and all claims and suits coming through the Custom House I could place in your hands and it is all cash and but littel Delay.

Write me soon all of the news, and believe me

Truly your friend

P. FULLER

District of Columbia, to wit:

I, R. J. MEIGS, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, hereby certify that the foregoing is truly copied from the original paper writing filed in this office, as Exhibit A to THOS. EWING'S affidavit filed in Equity, Cause No. 1,576, Docket 9, on the 30th of March, 1869.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 21st of April, 1869. R. J. MEIGS, Clerk.

ONE of the most novel, beautiful, interesting, and permanently valuable of recent books of travels is Mr. WALLACE'S "Malay Archipelago." It is the work of a scientific enthusiast who spent eight years among the Malay islands, traveling in many journeys fourteen thousand miles, collecting a hundred and twenty-five thousand valuable specimens, which he brought with him to England. He devoted six years to the preparation of his book, so that it represents the careful research and study of fourteen years. The HARPERS have issued it in a solid volume, profusely illustrated with engravings, maps, and photographic likenesses of remarkable birds and insects. The "Malay Archipelago" is by far the most complete and admirable survey we have ever had of the natural history of that fecund region, the home of the orang-utan and the Bird of Paradise, and of the lory, the bird that appears sometimes in poetry, but is here the most familiar of all. Of course the book of an English explorer and naturalist does not want episodes of lively and romantic adventure, and we heartily commend the book to all who wish a fresh and delightful and most instructive volume for a summer companion.

AMONG the new novels issued by the HARPERS are LEVER'S "That Boy of Norcott's," which is conceded to be altogether his best work since "Charles O'Malley," and "Breaking a Butterfly" by the author of "Guy Livingstone," "Kathleen," and ANTHTONY TROLLOPE'S admirable "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," and the first part of his newest tale, "He knew he was Right." Nor will any reader of *Harper's Magazine* forget the "Dodge Club," one of the most humorous burlesque sketches of travel ever published, and which is now issued in an illustrated volume. The HARPERS' series of "Students' Histories" are compact volumes of the most standard historical manuals.

WE are glad to observe that a recent English work "On Labor; its wrongful claims and rightful dues; its actual present and possible future," by WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, is announced for republication by Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT. Mr. THORNTON is the author of a work upon "Peasant Proprietors," which is called by the most competent authorities, JOHN STUART MILL and Professor CAIRNES, the best book extant upon that subject. The present work upon Labor is the fruit of long and conscientious study of the subject to which it is devoted; and although there will naturally be differences of opinion upon some of the theoretical issues which it raises, the value of the contribution which it makes to our knowledge of the actual position of the laboring class will not be questioned. The spirit of the book is truly humane. The author treats his subject as of the highest importance not exclusively to any class, but to the common welfare of society; and with such copious knowledge, careful thought, and admirable feeling that no one interested in the subject —and every body ought to be—can afford to neglect it. We commend it especially to those who are personally engaged in trades unions.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

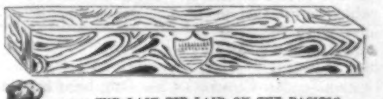
WAR WITH THE INDIANS.

A Peace Convention has just been held to put a stop to the war upon the Indians. But, in the mean time, the Indians seem to be inclined toward war. The Sioux in the North, and the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches in the South, do not show a pacific disposition. A report from General Sheridan dated Fort Ellis, Montana, April 10, says that a fight took place on the 6th "between a detachment of soldiers and citizens and a hostile band of Indians." Nine Indians were killed and one wounded; one soldier was killed and two wounded. No less than 120 lodges captured last winter by General Custer have started north without permission from the proper authorities, to join Tall Bull on the Kansas frontier, so that at the lowest estimate there must be now about six hundred warriors ready for hostilities in the old familiar quarter—the vicinity of Republican, Solomon, and Saline creeks.

The elections in Virginia are ordered for the 6th of July. Separate votes are to be taken on certain clauses of the Constitution.

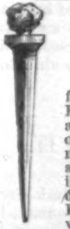
The new whipping-post and pillory recently erected in the jail-yard at New Castle, Delaware, to take the place of the ancient and dilapidated one, was inaugurated on the 15th of May by the pilloring of three men convicted of petty offenses, and the flogging of ten convicted of like misdemeanors. A crowd of gaping men, women, and children witnessed the disgusting spectacle.

In other pages of this paper we have illustrated the consummation of the Pacific Railroad project, and have given a *resumé* of the history of the road. Promontory Point, where the Union Pacific and Central Pacific lines met, is on the border of Salt Lake, Utah.



THE LAST TIE LAID ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

[Drawn by L. R. Townsend, San Francisco.]



THE LAST SPIKE.

The accompanying cuts in this column, from sketches by L. R. Townsend, of San Francisco, represent the last railroad tie and the last spike used in the construction of the through line. The tie is of California laurel, and is highly polished. On it is a silver plate, with an inscription signifying its purpose, and giving the names of the directors and officers of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The spike is of gold, weighing eighteen ounces, and valued at three hundred and fifty dollars. It contains inscriptions similar to those on the tie, with this sentiment added: "May God continue the unity of our country as this railroad unites the two great oceans of the world."

Mr. Motley, our Minister to England, sailed from New York on the 19th.

The tax levies of New York city have been reduced by nearly two millions in the State Legislature.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MR. SUMNER'S speech has created considerable excitement in England. But the better class of British citizens appreciate the justice of Mr. Sumner's claim. The London *Spectator* says: "On the whole, Mr. Sumner's speech impresses us very deeply with the necessity there is for greater candor on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who feel keenly as we do the moral strength of Mr. Sumner's case against England, ought to favor every opportunity for informally expressing that keen sense of regret and mortification which we heartily believe that the great majority of the people of Great Britain and Ireland entertain with regard to the conduct of the ruling class and the Government during the first four years of the civil war."

The elections in France are fixed for the 23d of May. In the mean time much disorder attends political meetings in Paris, and the police are frequently obliged to interfere.

The remains of Daniel O'Connell were on the 14th reinterred in the cemetery at Glasnevin, near Dublin, where a splendid mausoleum had been constructed for their reception. The ceremonies were very imposing, and were conducted by Archbishop Cullen. Great crowds of people followed the remains to the tomb, and it is estimated that over eight thousand were present on the grounds.

The question of the possession of Gibraltar has been brought up in the Spanish Cortes. The Minister of State said that, although the Government fully recognized the importance of the Gibraltar question, it could not negotiate for the cession of the strong-hold until the nation was strongly constituted and financially reorganized. On the 14th Senor Orense, one of the leaders of the Republican party, made a long speech in support of his amendment looking to the formation of a Federal Republic. But the Cortes rejected the amendment. The vote was 182 against to 64 in its favor.

The Bavarian Government appears to be taking a very decided stand against clerical interference in state affairs. They have issued an invitation to the professedly Roman Catholic Powers to meet in Munich, and discuss the relations of Church and State.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* quiets the apprehensions of the *Journal de Paris* as to the strength of the French Army in its present peace footing. The latter journal has fixed the number of men actually under arms at 235,000. The military journal replies that "the number from the 1st of April to the 1st of September is 400,000. In a week's time all the men on leave can be called in, and the army thus raised to a general total of 567,000 men. In the month of July, when the contingent of 1868 will join, the total strength of the army will be increased by 77,000 men, and amount in the aggregate to 644,000 men. Deduct the men on sick leave and absent from other causes, say 72,000—and the 50,000 men who form the garrison of Algeria, together 122,000 men—we have an army of 522,000 to bring forward whenever circumstances require it."

General Menabrea has presented to the Italian Senate a bill prohibiting the illicit deportation of boys as organ-grinders. And yet it is melancholy to remember that the real organ-torturers of the streets are men, and that to one boy there will be found at least a dozen adults.

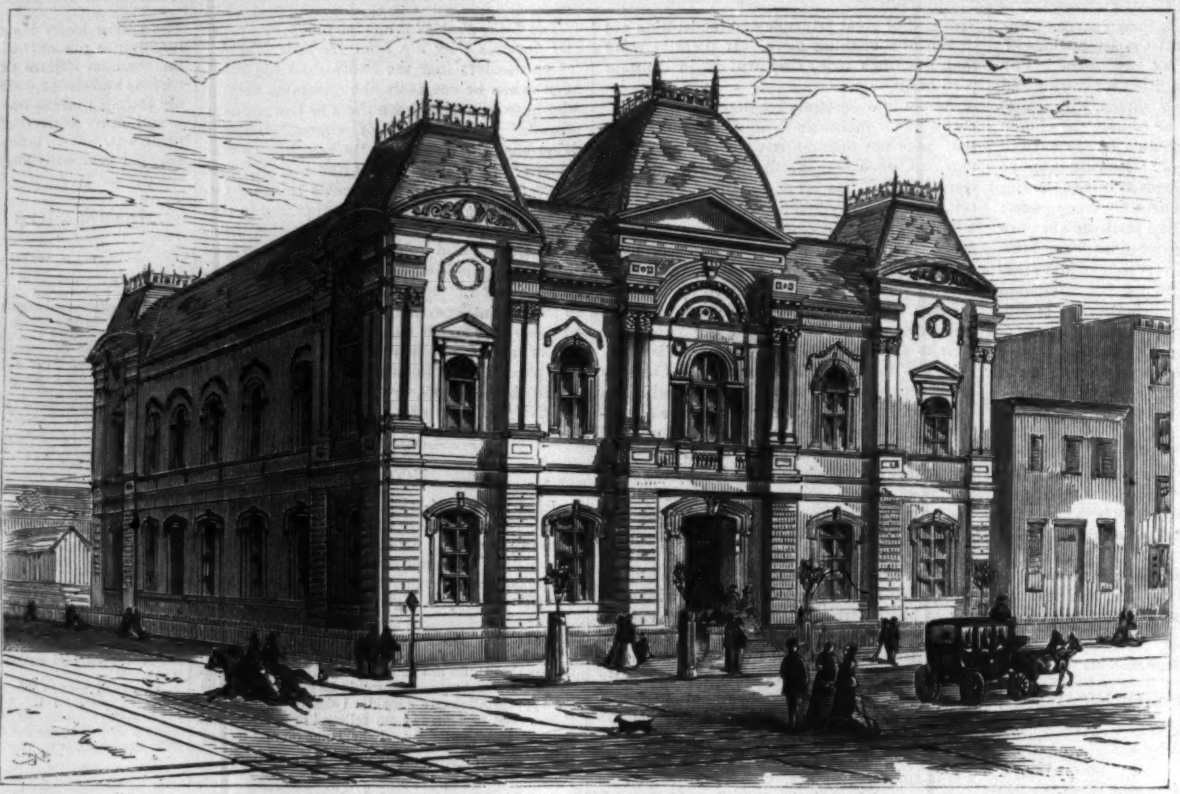
The total amount of the gifts presented to the Pope on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary is estimated at £800,000.

Those who at all doubt the assurance of the political economist that the population of the world is prodigiously on the increase will find their skepticism set at rest by the returns of the registrations in England and Wales for 1868. The marriages were 176,729, the births 786,156, and the deaths 480,677, leaving a balance of 305,479 more people in the world than have gone out of it; and this in one small island.

Captain John George Philippe, the last surviving officer of the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, lately died in Wales in his eighty-sixth year.

THE CORCORAN ART DEPOSITORY.

We give on this page a view of the building which Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a wealthy banker of Washington, has recently presented to the United States Government for an Art Depository. It is located near the War Department, on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street. It has been occupied for several years as the Quarter-master's Department. All the back rents due on this account have been canceled by Mr. Corcoran. The building is to be held in perpetuity by nine trustees as a free public art gallery. He has also donated a large collection of paintings and other works of art. The value of the property is estimated at one million of dollars. It is stated that August Belmont, of New York, has written to Mr. Corcoran, authorizing the trustees, when they shall have entered upon their trust, to choose from his collection twelve pictures, which he will thereupon convey to them, to be added to the gallery as the "Belmont contribution." Mr. Corcoran has long been known as a generous patron of art; the edifice which he has donated to the Government is considered one of the best specimens of architecture in Washington.



THE CORCORAN ART DEPOSITORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Photographed by Bell & Brother, Washington, D. C.]

DEMOLITION OF THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

One of the old landmarks of New York city is being rapidly effaced. Every one acquainted with Broadway has noticed the beautiful hospital grounds near the head of Pearl Street. They have for many years remained like an oasis in the desert, and we can not help regretting that the necessities of commerce compel their abandonment. The hospital is to be removed up town. This hospital was erected nearly one hundred years ago, and it has become one of the most extensive schools of surgical practice in this country. In 1868 the number of persons received as medical or surgical patients was 2613, of which one half were seamen.

The grounds, consisting of five acres, were tastefully laid out. The grass seemed greener and brighter there than any where else, and the trees were among the oldest and most beautiful on the island. There was a double row of stately elms, which it seems almost cruel to cut down. But the pathetic song of "Woodman, Spare that Tree!" however appropriate, is now unavailing. Trade must have its way, though it swallow up every thing green or beautiful in its path.

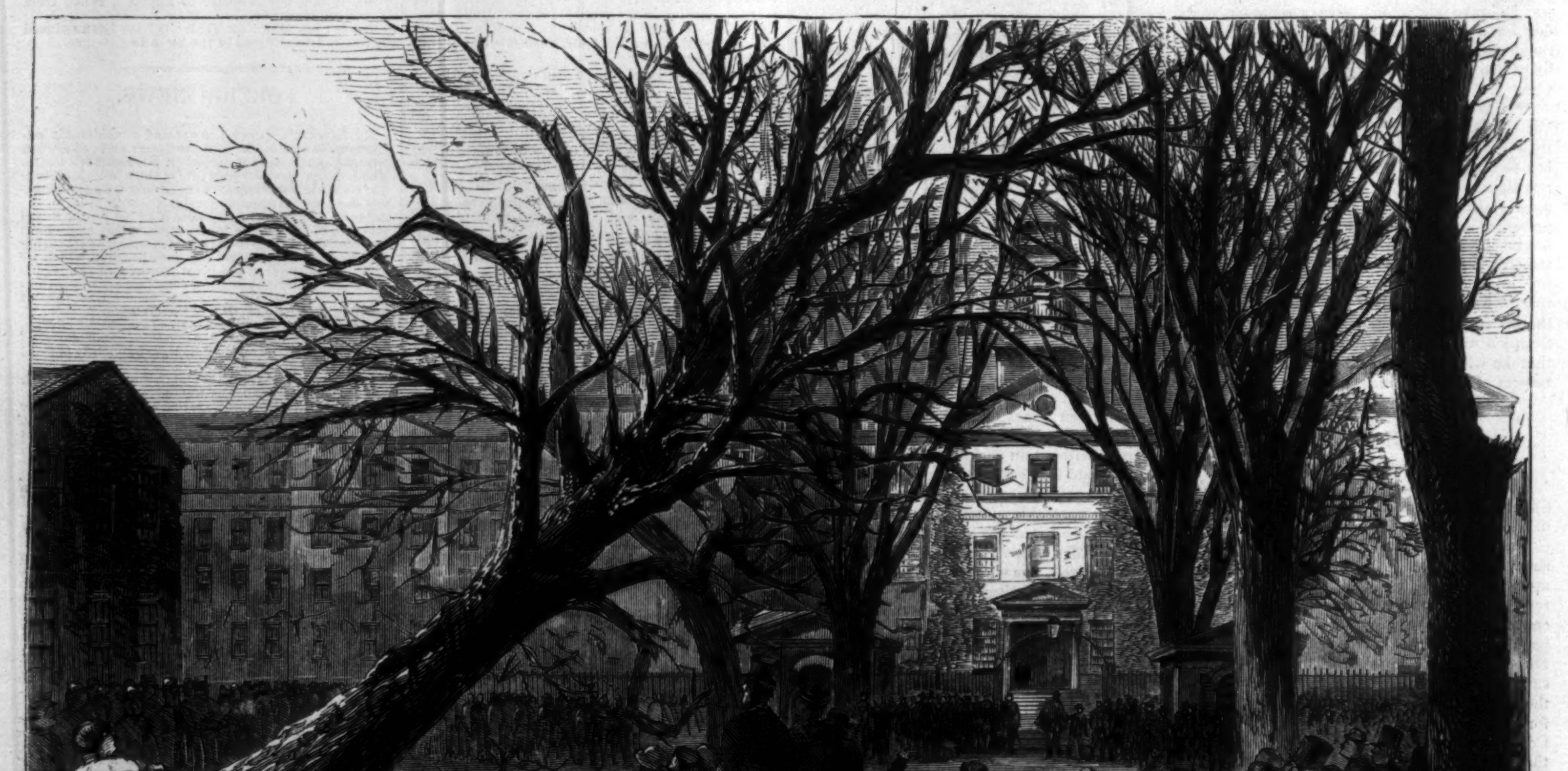
COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

Among those who have devoted their means to the amelioration of the working-class in England stand foremost Mr. Peabody, the American banker, and Miss Burdett Coutts, the wealthiest woman in England. Their efforts in this connection furnish examples which our wealthy American capitalists might well imitate.

We give on page 341 an illustration of the handsome and commodious market-place which Miss Coutts has erected adjoining her set of model dwellings for working-class families in Bethnal Green, London. Our cut gives an interior view of the quadrangle, showing the court, etc.

The beneficent objects Miss Coutts has in view in establishing the market are to supply the surrounding poor with wholesome food at a fair rate; to bring the producer and consumer into closer communication with each other; and to promote habits of industry and thrift among the humblest class of traders. Another object was considered desirable—namely, the provision of better lodgings for City clerks, who complain, with reason, that while model dwellings are provided in various parts of London for the working-classes, they are still left to the discomforts and expenses of inferior lodgings, far away from their daily occupation.

The plan of the market consists of four blocks of buildings, with arcades, surrounding an open quadrangle. Each of the buildings comprises six shops and two wings, flanking a central archway leading to the quadrangle. The shops are four stories high. Their accommodation consists of kitchen, cellar, store, and closets in the basement; shop, parlor or office, and private entrance on the ground-floor; and sitting-room and four bedrooms on the two stories above. They are intended for first-class dealers. The wings are four stories high, exclusive of their basements. One wing is occupied as a tavern, and the others are divided into residences for clerks and tenants of a middle class. Each dwelling occupies a separate story, approached by a common staircase, and contains parlor, kitchen, scullery, store, closets, and four bedrooms. The central archway, which leads to the quadrangle, has stores and cellars in its basement and a suit of rooms

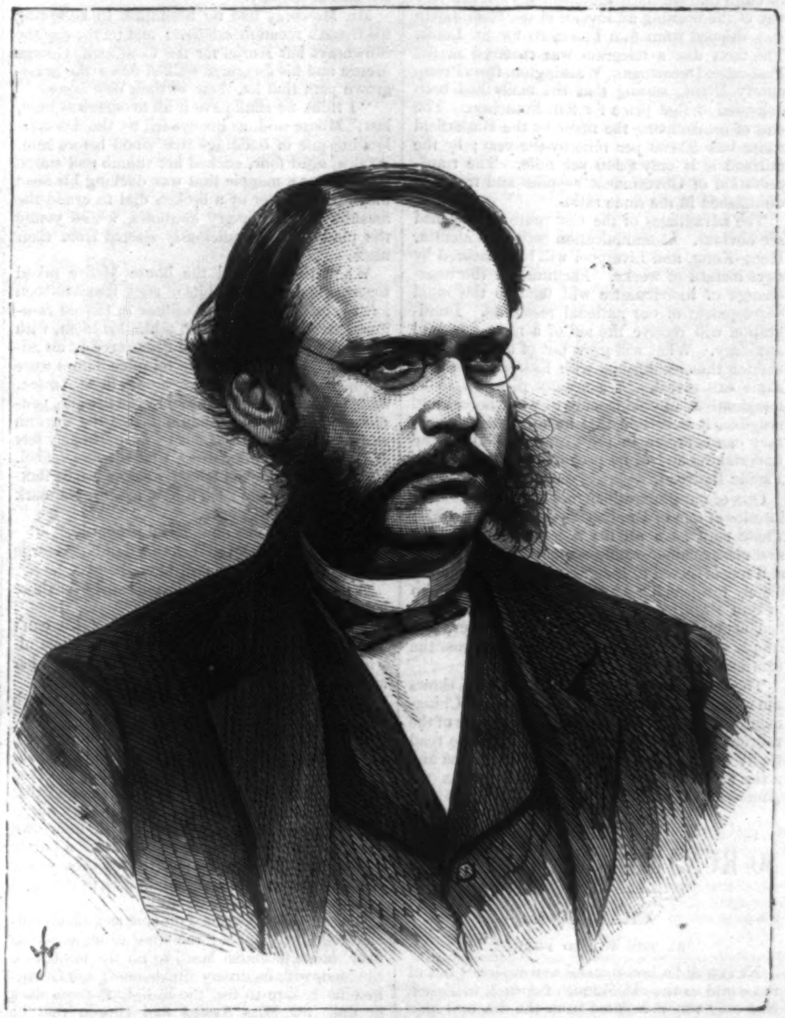


DEMOLITION OF THE NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL GROUNDS.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

above, intended, like those in the wings, for tenants of a middling class. The third or topmost story is carried up as a tower, and contains large filtering cisterns, which supply all the buildings with water.

The quadrangle has an area of 14,000 superficial feet, paved with blue granite, divided by lines of red granite into spaces 6 feet square, which are to be the stations for costermongers. In the centre is a lamp, surrounded by four granite basins, with hydrants for washing; there is a fountain under each arcade. The market-hall is divided into seven bays by clustered Aberdeen granite pillars, with bronze capitals and bands, supporting the timber roof, which is 50 feet high. The floor of the hall has an area of 2600 superficial feet; and in the aisles, behind the pillars, are twenty-four small shops, lined with Irish marble, for the sale of meat, fish, and poultry; above are galleries for the sale of flowers and fruit. The buildings are substantially constructed of yellow brick, with Portland stone cornices and copings, and terra-cotta mouldings; the roofs are of green slate.

DAVID A. WELLS.



DAVID A. WELLS.

DAVID A. WELLS, Special Commissioner of Revenue, was born in June, 1828, at Springfield, Massachusetts. After graduating at Williams College, in 1847, he became an associate editor of the *Springfield Republican*. A decided taste for scientific pursuits made Mr. WELLS quit the editorial profession, and study with Professor AGASSIZ (who had then recently arrived in this country). He subsequently joined the Lawrence Scientific School, at Cambridge, where he graduated, and filled for a time the post of assistant professor. As a scientific man he took high rank, and was repeatedly invited to professorships in different colleges. He was widely and favorably known as the author of several educational books and treatises. Owing to failing health Mr. WELLS retired for a time from active life to a quiet residence in Troy, New York. "At the outbreak of the war," says the *Cincinnati Commercial*, "he watched it with an ardent, scholarly sympathy, as largely holding in its balance the destiny of man; and as year after year the havoc went on, and the mountain of debt increased, Mr. WELLS broke the despair of the loyal people with his pamphlet, 'Our Burden and our Strength'—one of the most original and startling *brochures* of political literature." It showed resources yet undeveloped which would come to our assistance and meet our obligations, and excited so high a degree of hope and confidence that subscriptions to the National loans, which were then flagging, were at once renewed and stimulated. Of this pamphlet the Loyal Publication Society of New York printed and distributed immense numbers, while six other editions were published in Boston and other parts of the country, and two also in Europe. At the close of the war, when the consideration of the best methods of raising the large revenue necessary to meet the current expenditures and its interest on the debt became imperative, a Revenue Commission was established by Congress, on the recommendation of Mr. FESSENDEN, then Secretary of the Treasury, and by his successor, Mr. M'CULLOCH, and Mr. WELLS, with the approval of Congress, was made chairman. In 1866, the Revenue Commission having expired, Congress made for Mr. WELLS the new office of "Special Commissioner of the Revenue," with instructions to examine and report on the resources of the country, the best methods of raising revenue, and the influence of taxation on the industry and development of the nation. The three reports which Mr. WELLS has made since he has held the office of Special Commissioner are a sufficient evidence of his qualifications for the discharge of the duties of his responsible office. Of the last report, in January, 1869, the leading Republican newspaper of the Northwest, the *Chicago Tribune*, says: "We do not award to this important state paper any higher praise than it deserves when we say that from the foundation of this Government to the present no public document equal to it in extent of research, comprehensiveness of treatment, depth of penetration, and honesty of purpose, has emanated from any one of the Departments."

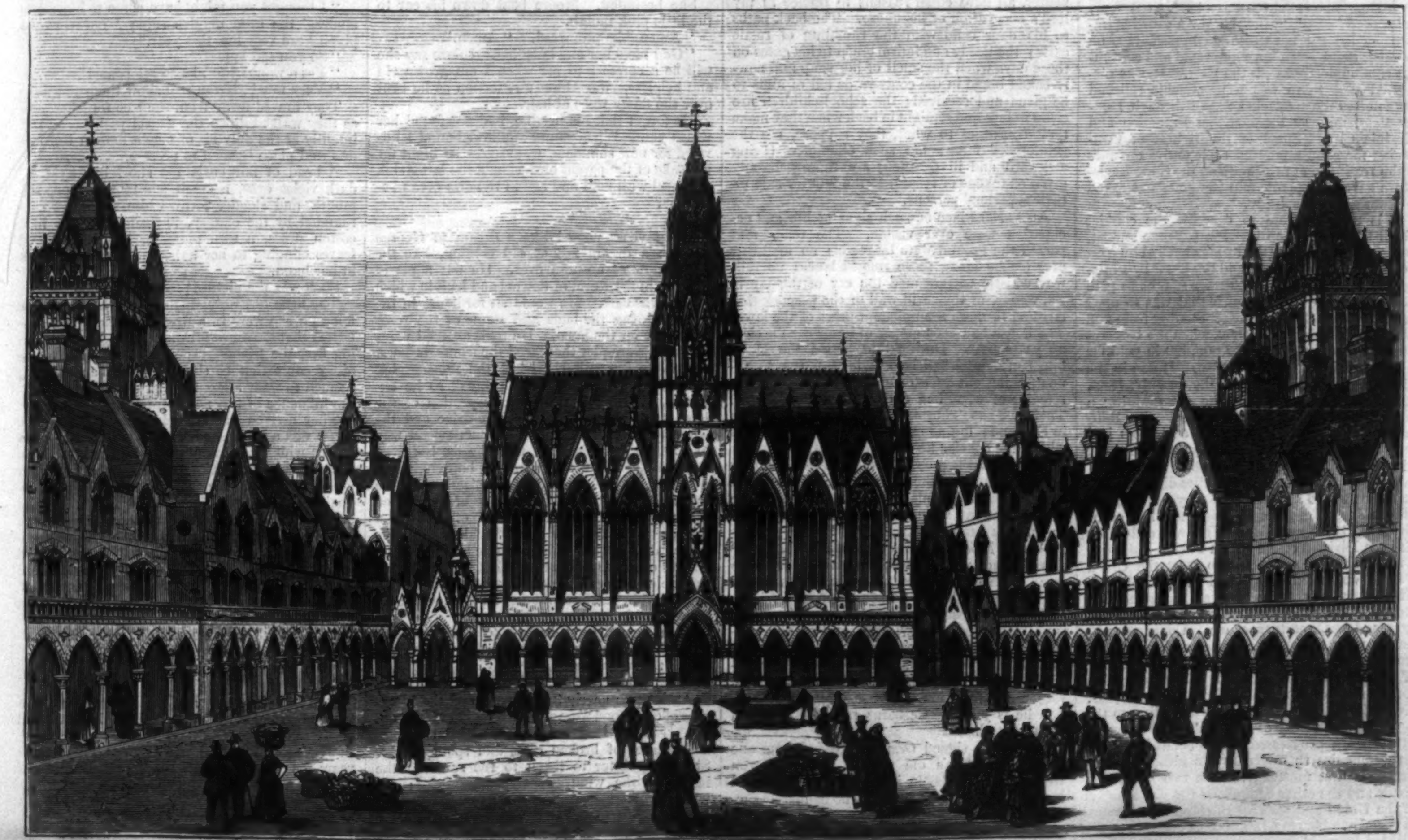
Mr. WELLS has made himself thoroughly master of our political economy. His reports have foreshadowed the happy condition of the Treasury, the steady reduction of our great debt, and the remission of taxes. Single-handed, and against the conviction of his then superior, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. M'CULLOCH, Mr. WELLS in his report of 1868 insisted on the total remission of the obnoxious internal tax on manufactures. He was also the persistent advocate of the 50-cent tax on whisky, thereby breaking up the infamous whisky-rings. We believe he is now engaged in revising the present unequal tariff, changing it wherever it is possible from an *ad valorem* to a specific duty. Mr. WELLS can certainly not be called a *Free Trader* in its unqualified meaning, but he is the decided enemy of monopolies, unequal taxation, and class legislation. He believes that a revenue tariff alone would not only develop our resources faster, but would bring us more rapidly than by any other method to specie payment. We hope to see Mr. WELLS serving the country for many years, and in positions adapted to his eminent ability and remarkable accomplishments.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE foremost of the great projects for connecting by rail the Atlantic and Pacific coasts was realized May 10. At ten minutes past 3 o'clock P.M., at Promontory Point, Utah, the last rail was laid. The last spikes driven were presented by Nevada and Arizona. That from Nevada was of silver. "To the iron of the East and the gold of the West," said the Hon. T. A. TUTTLE, representing that State, "Nevada adds her link of silver to span the continent and wed the oceans." By a connection of the telegraph with the last spike (a gold one, from California), the last blow given announced to the world the completion of the grand enterprise. A prayer was said by Rev. Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield; then the two last rails were laid simultaneously, one opposite the other—one for the Union Pacific Railroad, and one for the Central Pacific Railroad; the presentation of spikes and the responses followed; then the last spikes were driven by the two companies, and telegrams were sent to the President of the United States and to the Associated Press.

This remarkable event was celebrated with especial enthusiasm in Chicago and other Western cities. But in New York city, already the metropolis of a continent, but by this enterprise rendered the centre of the world's commerce, the news was calmly received; and, as on the occasion of the capture of Richmond, the event was celebrated by the singing of anthems, and not by a loud uproar. A salute was fired in the City Park; peals were rung from Trinity chimes, and a religious service was held in Trinity Church. The remarks made by the Rev. Dr. VINTON were so appropriate that we quote here a portion of his address:

> This is, indeed, a great event of the world; it is one of the victories of peace—a victory grander than those of war, which leave in their track desolation, devastation, misery, and woe. It is a triumph of commerce—a triumph indicating free trade as a future law of the nation....When we contemplate this achievement we can hardly realize its magnitude. Three thousand two hundred and eighty-five miles of continuous railway within four degrees of latitude and fifty degrees of longitude in the temperate zone. It begun when the nation was agitated by war, and is finished now when we enjoy a reign of peace. When the ocean route was discovered around the Cape of Good Hope, it was very properly regarded as a blessing to mankind—hence the designation by which it is known; but the completion of this mighty work, which connects the two oceans, is a still greater blessing. In the olden times, when camels—those ships of the desert—were the means used for transportation, for the furtherance of commercial traffic, it was found that wherever the caravans stopped there would spring up cities, and there would be evidences of civilization. So with this great work. It will populate our vast territory, and be the great highway of the nations; their merchants will cross it to trade with us. But there is another aspect in which we view it as a blessing, and in connection with which we esteem it of still greater importance. It will preserve the union of these States. Philosophers tell us, and we know



COLUMBIA MARKET, BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON—THE QUADRANGLE.

it to be true, that where there are rivers which diverge in their courses, and have separate and distinct outlets (as in Europe), there the nations become diffused, and the peoples are separated and disunited. But where, on the contrary, the topography is such that the rivers all flow into one common central basin, there is necessarily a concentration of interests and of peoples, and that territory is marked out by God to be under one Government. By the operation of this natural law we must regard it as decreed that there shall ever be a unity of people and government in all that territory which lies between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains. Beyond these lofty heights, however, we find the rivers diverging, as in Europe, and, following the rule that obtains in the Old World, there might be a diffusion of interests and a separation of governments in that section of the country divided from us by the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. But this railway counteracts such natural tendency to disunion, has prevented a separation, and binds the States of the Atlantic and Pacific into one nation. Roman roads unified and consolidated the Roman Empire. They were made by the ambition of Emperors for the necessities of war and commerce; but, under Divine Providence, they were the highways along which the Apostles and the missionaries of Christ carried the good tidings of salvation to the tribes of the peoples. So this Pacific Railway is a means, under Divine Providence, for propagating the Church and the Gospel from this, the youngest Christian nation, to the oldest land in the Orient, now sunk in Paganism and idolatry, and so will revive the worship of the Triune God—the God of our salvation—in the farther East, the birth-place of Christianity.

Let us glance at the history of this enterprise. It is closely connected with the political developments of the last twenty years. At the close of the Mexican war, in 1848, California, New Mexico (including Arizona), and Texas were added to our territory, so that from the 32d to the 42d parallel of latitude there was no foreign domain between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast. The very next year thousands of miners from every quarter of the globe flocked to the gold-fields of California; the greater number by sea, but very many through the Eastern States and over the unexplored regions of the far West, by what soon came to be known as the overland route. The necessity for a trans-continental route then became evident. Hon. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, introduced a bill into the Senate in 1850, authorizing what may be called a stepping-stone railroad, consisting of links of railroad interrupted occasionally by what were then supposed to be insuperable natural obstacles. Three years later Congress appropriated $150,000 for six surveys of proposed routes for Pacific railroads, to be carried on by the War Department, of which Jefferson Davis was then Secretary. Among those who had been prominent in advocating the claims of this enterprise before the people the foremost was Asa Whitney. Congress, in 1854, appropriated $190,000 more, and three additional surveys were made.

The great problem of the engineers was how to overleap the Rocky Mountains, running through the centre of the vast trans-Mississippi region, which contains two-thirds of our entire territory. The Pacific surveys proved that this great grizzly bear had a very broad back, that the slope up his sides was very gradual, and that his spine did not extrude unpleasantly in the centre, but lay, on the contrary, rather sunk between two rows of muscles or mountains on either side.

But very soon the Southern disunion sentiment cast a cloud over the political sky, and in this connection the important question arose, How would the Pacific States stand? Their isolated position was keenly felt, and thus an additional motive offered for a railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The importance of California was beginning to be understood. Her gold, her cereals, her grape culture, her trade with Eastern Asia; all these facts commanded attention. She stood the test of the Civil War, and proved herself loyal. Her own growing importance led her not to isolate herself, but, on the other hand, to seek a more rapid and convenient communication with the East. It was discovered that there was a practicable railroad route across the snow-clad Sierra through Donner Pass, midway between San Francisco and Virginia City. Some of the richest of Californian merchants pledged their entire fortunes to the realization of this project, the State Legislature gave its support, and Congress was asked to grant a fitting subsidy.

It is needless here to describe the conflict which then sprang up between Chicago and St. Louis, each of which (the former backed by New York and the Northwest, and the latter by Philadelphia and the Middle States) sought to gain control of the eastern branch that was to meet and unite with that already proceeding from San Francisco. This was in 1862, when the Government was spending daily $2,000,000 in gold for the suppression of the Rebellion. It was in the midst of such a contest as this that in July, 1862, President Lincoln signed the act granting a charter to the proprietors of the Pacific Railroad Companies. The Chicago capitalists had gained the victory, and Omaha (on the Missouri River) was fixed upon as the eastern terminus of the road to Sacramento, 1721 miles distant. But St. Louis was to be provided for by a subsidized branch line, to connect with the main line on or about the 100th meridian. This was called the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railroad. The line from Sacramento to meet the Union Pacific was called the Central Pacific Railroad. These three companies were all chartered and stood on an equal footing as regarded land-grants, loans, mortgages, etc. Congress conferred upon the three companies the right of way, an absolute grant of 12,800 acres per mile of the public lands traversed, and authorized a special issue of 6 per cent. United States bonds, proportioned to each company according to the length and difficulty of the lines, to be delivered as the work progressed. The bonds issued by the companies themselves were given the position of a first mortgage. The two classes of bonds and the other capital for the construction of the Union and Central Pacific roads amount in round numbers to $150,000,000, about equally divided between the two.

These two roads have been completed and the through line regularly established. On the very day of the opening an invoice of tea from Japan was shipped from San Francisco for St. Louis. The next day a telegram was received at the Post-office Department, Washington, from Promontory Point, stating that the mails had been delivered at that place for San Francisco. The cost of transmitting the mails by the Butterfield route was $1100 per mile by the year; by the railroad it is only $200 per mile. The transportation of Government supplies and troops is diminished in the same ratio.

The advantages of the new route thus opened are obvious. Communication between Calcutta, Hong-Kong, and Liverpool will be measured by days instead of weeks. Facilities for the interchange of merchandise will tend to the rapid development of our national resources. Immigration will receive the aid of a most powerful auxiliary. What will grow out of the close connection thus established with Eastern Asia time alone can reveal. We are not disposed to be imaginative. Looking only to what is real and tangible, it is certain that no work of this century can compare in the grandeur both of the undertaking and of its probable results with the Pacific Railroad.

One of our illustrations on page 348 shows the interior of one of Pullman's Palace Hotel Cars. These cars have all the accommodations of a first-class steamer—state-rooms with spring-beds, and meals served to passengers upon tables completely furnished. The passenger from Chicago to San Francisco will take a state-room, go to bed at night, and have breakfast, dinner, and supper on board the train while flying across the continent.

The other illustration on the same page shows the workmen—a medley of Irishmen and Chinamen—engaged in constructing the last line of the railroad. Thus the very laborers upon the road typify its significant result, bringing Europe and Asia face to face, grasping hands across the American Continent.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"BY THE WORLD FORGOT."

Never did a house stand so completely out of the world as the old Manor of Auriel, in Essex. Not only was it isolated from the din and hubbub of towns, but its loneliness was unshared even by those small attendant homesteads that usually cluster near a rich man's abode. A wealthy gentleman who spends a certain portion of his time in the country generally forms the nucleus of a small colony of poor neighbors, who bear the same relation to the great house as parasitical plants to the giant trunk which supports and nourishes their weak tendrils. When my lord is at the castle his farrier exults in the village—there is a constant clatter at the anvil; the blacksmith's hand encircles the dainty heels of my lord's highly-bred horses; these horses, with their well-groomed glossy faces, standing often cheek-by-jowl beside their stalwart brothers, the hairy Esaus of the plow; while jaunty stable-boys, with the inevitable sprig in their mouths, lounge against pillar and post, doing the grand for the benefit of gaping clowns. The butcher and the baker, the grocer and the carpenter, all have equal reasons to rejoice in my lord's occupation of his house. The back paths to his door echo with the rumbling of rustic carts; the needy and infirm creep to his gates on those days when the smell of hot soup and newly-baked bread in the court-yards tell of alms to be given and received; the school-children are clean in face and straight in back when they make their courtesies to what, they suppose, are the gentlefolks' faces; but such obeisances (being awkward and ill-directed) are more generally given as tokens of respect to the inferior side of their superiors' persons.

At Auriel Place no such signs of life and occupation were ever visible. The roads that passed the ground were by-roads; no mail-cart ever trolled along those rugged lanes; no railway whistle outscreamed the cry of the jay in the woods, or the shrill wail of the peacock that strutted through the unkempt grass of the lawn. The house had been empty of its owner for eleven years past. During that period the Mowbrays of Auriel had been living on the Continent, eking out as economically as possible the remains of what had once been a fine income. Their one son, Thurstan Mowbray, was educated in England; but as he always spent his holidays with some cousins he was a stranger to Auriel.

The sole occupants of the big house, the only human tenants of the wilderness of flowers and trees, whose voices alone sounded through those trailing gardens, were George Moore, the gardener, and his daughter Azalea.

George Moore had been placed in charge of Auriel Place when it was deserted by its owners; Mr. Mowbray had taken him from a distant county at the recommendation of a friend. "Moore has been in my service some years; he is well-educated, trust-worthy, and an able gardener; he is a widower with one child; he has but lately lost his wife, and has been much crushed by his sorrow; he does not require high wages, and from his steadfast, taciturn disposition he is just the Cerberus required to guard your empty house."

This letter, signed *Orme*, proceeded from one of Mr. Mowbray's old college friends, Baron Orme, of Orme Castle, in Sussex, one who had been born a younger son, but who had lately succeeded to the title by one of those strange turns of the wheel by which Fortune sometimes compensates to cadets of noble families for the legal misfortune they have experienced in being begotten late in the day.

Mr. Mowbray had no hesitation in accepting his friend's recommendation; and on the day the Mowbrays left Auriel for the Continent, George Moore and his daughter walked down the grass-grown path that led them to their new home.

"I think we shall have it all to ourselves here, lass," Moore said, as his eye fell on the desolate-looking pile of buildings that stood before him. Azalea, aged four, sucked her thumb and stared solemnly at a magpie that was ducking his head under the shelter of a broken dial to evade the assaults of some angry swallows, whose young the pie bird had maliciously ejected from their nests.

When they entered the house Moore raked together some charred bits of stick that had been left to smoulder away in solitude in the old-fashioned kitchen chimney, and rekindled them, with the aid of some shavings he discovered in an adjacent cupboard. In a few minutes flames were leaping brightly on the hearth, and little Azalea, seated on a three-legged stool by the fireside, generously endeavored to communicate the warmth and comfort she herself felt to the unshapely feet of her sawdust-stuffed dolls, Blanche and Isabel. George Moore looked tenderly at the bright flaxen curls that made such a halo against the dark back-ground of shadows.

"I love 'oo," she announced presently.

"I thought you loved the other daddy," George objected, secretly flattered, nevertheless.

A look of profound meditation came over those baby features.

"But he went away; and now 'Zalea can't 'member him. 'Zalea likes daddy best, who always carries her when she's tired and gives her supper."

The child looked wistfully at the basket which contained the viands that had accompanied the travelers from Sussex, and George rose and attended to her wants, and listened to her foolish, fond, child-talk until the forlorn man believed that the love he felt he was creating, and that this round, dimpled, curly-headed babe might one day grow to love and cherish for their own sake the hands she clung to now from a purely animal instinct—the instinct that makes young blind puppies nestle their blunt noses in the right quarter for their mother's milk.

The shadows deepened on tree and shrub outside the lonely house; the wind came sweeping over the dank marsh land, to fill the mind with ill omens with its dreary aimlessness; but George had no leisure to feel the ill-lighted room dark or dull, for Miss Azalea had chosen that he should assume for her amusement the position in which a much more distinguished man was once detected by Henri Quatre. Moore was getting old, so he felt rather stiff when at length Azalea suffered her horse to rise from his knees.

"I tired—I go to bed," cried the mighty despot of four years.

Then she essayed to kneel, but overbalanced herself, and subsided into a bundle at Moore's feet—a bundle of tumbled lilac frock, shapeless flaxen curls, flushed cheeks, and sleepy eyes. Clasping her dimpled fingers as tightly as their rotundity would permit, she looked up at the blackened rafters, beyond which lay vague realms of that beautiful something which she had been taught to address as heaven, and cooed out little prayers for such things as she esteemed dear.

"Pray God bless papa, and poor dead mamma, who can't pray for herself, and take care of daddy, and me, and—"

She hesitated. Moore bent down his ear to the little pink mouth.

"Amen," he prompted. "Amen."

"God bless her and keep her. I dare say she will be a comfort to me when I am grown old and helpless," was Moore's reflection as he bent over the flossy webs of hair.

He forgot that his nestling had not found her wings yet. What young swallow, bound landward for new summers, would stay its flight for the sake of the parent bird, should the latter sink cramped with cold and age in the dim ocean behind it?

Eight years passed like a dream to George Moore; a dream full of sad content, like the death-glow of autumn eves. He felt a placid interest in the world of flowers and fruit in which his lot was cast. He would sit for hours in the sun cleansing the buds and stems of the roses that grew on the lawn. He took especial pains with the grass-plot that faced the front windows.

But George still cherished the illusion that "company might come some day;" so he expended all his energies on that portion of the lawn which fronted the carriage-drive and the trim-shaven plot of grass; the methodical way in which the roses hung their heads, the even flower-beds, and the regular box borders, made a quaint, ugly little bit of civilization in the midst of the untrained luxuriance of the rest of the garden. Outside that patch of cultivation the roses flung their red heads recklessly into the laps of dull nettles. The bramble and woodbine rivaled each other in wantonness, while the ivy scrambled over gray terraces and crumbled walls, as though in haste to smother all trace of human workmanship.

Time passed away happily to these recluses. They did not feel the want of the world from which they were shut out.

Azalea was nearly twelve now, and the pleasures of childhood were already slipping away from her. She no longer made toys of the pebbles and palaces of broken glass and spongy moss. She liked better to listen to the rustle of the leaves as the wind swept through them; the whispers of strange voices seemed to come through the mysteries of dense thickets, and echoes of faint laughter to ripple down the brook that splashed at her feet; the faces, of which she had read in the old romances, grew into life in the summer-scented air. The plumes of her favorite knights gleamed through the dark avenues, and lustrous-eyed beauties plucked the roses that grew in the Auriel wilderness to grace their lovers' helms. In youth, when the child flings down ball and rattle to take pleasure in the first faint glimmer of awakening intelligence, the joys and sorrows of his bitter hereafter come shadowed to him in the delicious fancies of romance. He hears in fiction faint echoes of sobs that are not his, but with which an instinctive prescience teaches him to sympathize. He thrills to the passion that rings in the tone of phantom lovers; his heart goes out to that warmth, and with each quickened pulsation he leaves his childhood further behind him. Like Don Quixote, the child, earnest and single-minded, does not appreciate all the sham of fiction or of the life that fiction simulates; to him the puppets are living souls, and so he gives genuine sympathy to their mimic sorrow, and tastes a thousand pleasures in their success.

It was an October evening when Azalea was disturbed from a reverie under her favorite chestnut-tree by the unusual sound of strange footsteps coming down the path near her. Strange footsteps were not uncommon on the narrow track that led across the back path to the village, but they were very rare indeed in this, the principal road to the lodge. A small terrier, that had been huddled up in his young mistress's lap, broke from her suddenly, and, with eyes of fire, and tail in a quiver of angry agitation, flew to assault the new-comer. The child looked up with a wondering stare.

Who could this be—this slight middle-aged man who was walking down the path with such ease of manner—a man whose refined appearance contrasted greatly with the rustic garb and bearing of the only male acquaintance Azalea had ever known?

A few steps more, and he would be near her. Azalea wavered between an inclination to rush away in a tumult of unreasoning terror, and a desire to stay and rescue her dog from the proximity of this strange presence.

The gentleman looked up curiously at the tree. Azalea had shrunk back a little, and the afternoon sun was in his eyes.

This was a man of observation, and he was curious to see what cause for doggish excitement lurked behind those crooked branches. So he lifted his hand, and removing the foliage, became aware of a bright, startled human face opposite to him. He stepped back hastily, his own face white with surprise.

Then he moved forward and looked earnestly at the little figure perched on the bough before him.

"My dear," he said—and his voice sounded low and pleasant, like the voices she imagined her favorite heroes possessed—"what is your name?"

"Azalea," the girl answered promptly; "and that is Topaz," pointing to the dog.

Then she slipped off her seat to the ground, and confronted the stranger with shy, wondering eyes.

"Do you want father?"

Her voice had a slightly rustic intonation in it, but it was as sweet and low as his own; his eyes dwelt with satisfaction on her small-tipped fingers and tiny feet, and his pale face glowed at the sound of her voice.

"Why do you think I want father?" he asked, abstractedly.

"I thought you might have come to buy some apples," the little maiden said; "our ripstone pippins are very fine this year."

"So you sell apples."

"Yes; would you like to see some?"

"Very much, if you will show them to me."

They moved away from the tree together, and as they walked down the gravel path he looked intently at the only bit of bright human life this deserted place seemed to possess.

A head of fair curls, cut short like a boy's, dark violet eyes, a small sun-tanned face, red mouth, and slender form, white shoulders surrounded by the clumsy, ill-made hem of a lilac cotton dress, a torn pinafore, bits of withered leaves clinging to her hair, and a tattered book in her hand.

Such was the picture presented to him.

The little girl walked silently by his side: she felt as if she were in a dream. The dying sunbeams that streamed athwart the path, the creaking firs, the friendly aspect of trees with whose every contortion of shape she was acquainted, seemed to wear a less familiar appearance under the influence of this new, strange presence.

They arrived at the apple house. The apple house was a huge shed, and in the shed stood a ladder which communicated with the loft where the apples were kept. Azalea ran up the ladder with the ease and speed of a cat; her new acquaintance followed more soberly. He had not been accustomed of late years to such a primitive method of ascent, and his thin boots slipped provokingly over the well-worn bars. He scrambled into the loft with some loss of dignity, and found Azalea looking complacently at the pyramids of red, brown, and yellow apples piled in rows on different sides of the shed.

"Eat one," she suggested, insidiously.

The stranger laughed.

"My dear, it would kill me," he said, ruefully.

"Would it, really?" drawled Azalea, in a tone of wonder. "Why, I eat baskets and basketsful."

"So could I when I was like you, only twelve years old; but you see I am a gray-headed old man."

"How do you know I am twelve?" said Azalea, surprised.

The stranger looked rather disconcerted. "I—I guessed it," he said.

"And you are not so very old," she added, looking at him. "Not so old as father."

"Do you love your father?"

"Oh yes; and Topaz too."

There was silence again for a few seconds. Then he caught hold of the book in her hand and drew it toward the old-fashioned lattice to read the title.

"Can you read?" he asked, abruptly.

"I should rather think so."

"And what do you read?"

"*The Arabian Nights*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, Hume's *History of England*, and the *Latin Grammar*."

"The Latin grammar! What a very odd little girl. You must be very wise."

"No, I am not," the child said, simply; "but I know my verbs."

"That's more than Conrad does."

"Who's Conrad?"

"My little boy."

"Have you any little girls?" Azalea asked, edging nearer to the barrel on which he had seated himself.

"Yes, two."

"Only two?"

"Only two." It was strange the difficulty he seemed to find in answering this last question: he hesitated, and as his eyes met hers he looked down at his boots.

She lifted up her violet eyes, and said, with a sort of subdued enthusiasm, "Oh, how I should like to see them!"

The stranger looked at her with tenderness. "So you shall," he said.

Again there was silence, for Azalea was lost in the reflections evoked by the nature of her new friend's last observation; and she stared out of the lattice panes in a sweet tumult of excitement. The occupant of the wooden cask looked at her thoughtfully. "I wish they were like her," he muttered; "so high-bred in appearance—so pretty!"

The sun was sinking in intensely red streaks behind a grove of firs opposite the window. A faint reflex of its glow suffused that rugged-looking room, and cast down warm lights on Azalea's flaxen head and on the mound of gold-cheeked apples heaped near the eastern wall. The faint, sweet smell of the fruit, the flutter of the birds in the eaves, the warm gusts of air that came in through the broken panes—all breathed of peace and wealth; not of the wealth of art, but that of Nature.

He who sat watching little Azalea with such a wistful sadness in his gray-blue eyes had spent the previous day in a house where the wealth of art predominated. In his London home the rooms were furnished with gorgeous sofas and heavy curtains; exquisitely painted pictures hung on his walls, and marble statues gleamed in the shadowy nooks of his broad staircases. He possessed rare similitudes of flowers and fruit, painted by clever Dutchmen, but the living flowers that stood by the windows were shriveled and limp-looking; the ivy that was planted in the area rippled up the outer wall in a dingy-looking streak of green. Here, round this roughly-shaped chamber, Nature reveled in her exuberance. She poured forth sweet scents from the dew-heavy roses below. The ivy, thick with foliage, threw out hundreds of light green tendrils to clamber over the darker mass of green beneath; the birds built their nests in the securely-twisted branches, while the twigs offered a secure footing to numberless young swallows, who sat on them in puffy imbecility.

Some of the ivy tendrils had forced their way into the room, and had conferred grace on the uneven boards and cobwebbed walls; outside the window the eye roved over rich undulations of variously-colored foliage: the deep red of the beech, the wan yellow of the limes, contrasted well with gloomy, stolid-looking groups of firs and delicate masses of oak leaves. Far off, where the soft fringes of the woodland melted into the vaporous gloom of the horizon, a church spire was dimly visible, and the deep tones of its bell began to toll the hour of seven. The stranger drew nearer the window, and looked wistfully out at the dying day.

"What do you see?" Azalea asked, curiously, as she caught sight of the intent face he was turning westward.

Had he answered truly he would have said, "I see the gleam of a broad river begin to widen among these dense thickets. I see a gray bridge, and a drooping willow. The red sun is flushing the water instead of these woody glooms. By the stream's verge I watch for the flutter of a little gray shawl, and then I feel with my lips the glow that deepens on the sweetest face that ever man loved."

As it was, he turned his grave eyes on the child, and gave her what she mentally stigmatized as a crooked answer.

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Yes; often."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes; there's a sermon on afternoons; father goes to sleep, and I sit and watch the figures. There's a man in armor kneeling on a cushion, and a woman in a stiff collar at the other end: there are six children in stiff collars kneeling by their side; the children have got their mouths open like little birds gaping for worms. Underneath there are some verses, which says they're all gone to heaven. I used to hope that when they got there some one would undo the collars for them—they looked so choked. I wish," the child added, coming nearer to him, "that if you know any thing about it you would tell me, it *is such* a puzzle to me."

"What is a puzzle?"

"What we are up *there*," pointing to the sky. "Will the birds wear their feathers? Will the squirrels run up trees? Will the dear little foxes burrow their sharp noses without being troubled by the dogs barking at their tails?"

"Hush, hush! you mustn't talk so; there won't be any animals there; and don't call a fox's tail a tail—call it a brush."

He was a sound Christian, and a good sportsman, and he was shocked by such unconventional remarks.

"Then you think when I die I shall never see Topaz any more?" the child said, in a melancholy voice.

"No; but you'll see every one else: all the human beings that have ever died will wear the bright form of spirits."

"But I don't care about any one else excepting father," the child said, ruefully. "To be sure," she added, with a gleam of satisfaction, "I shall see the little marble boys and girls, and perhaps they will be pleased to see me as I've looked at them so long."

The stranger was inexpressibly touched. "My poor darling," he began; but he was arrested both in his speech and in the caress he was about to give the flaxen head, for George Moore's voice was heard below.

"Azalea, lass, come down; it's time to go home to tea. I've beaten down all the 'sops in wine,' and to-morrow we'll pick them up."

"There's father," Azalea said, her little face lighting up. She descended swiftly, and meeting George at the foot of the steps began a hurried account of the new visitor, in which the only coherent sentence was: "And he has promised I shall see his little girls."

George Moore listened with wonder, mixed with a vague sensation of alarm: "Who is it? *who* is it, d'ye say, Azalea?" he asked. The stranger has descended the steps, and now advanced in time to answer the question.

"You have forgotten me, I see, Moore," he said, kindly.

The old gardener turned pale at the sound of the voice—at the sight of the clear-cut face.

"Good Lord! is it really you, Mr. Francis? My lord, I mean. Oh, Sir! what a start you have given me!"

Then, with a deeper agitation in his voice, the old man pointed to the child, who flitted swiftly before them as they turned to go to the house.

"You are—not thinking—of—you're not going to take her from me, are you, Mr. Francis? I love her so, and she is like my own child to me. She makes old age easier to me, and I think she loves me."

"Yes, I think she does," the younger man said, with a slight touch of vexation in his voice; then he added, gently, "Be easy, Moore; I would only take her for a very little while. She shall never leave you while you live, unless she herself wishes it."

"Take her for a very little while," Moore echoed, in astonishment; "what would Lady Orme say?"

"Lady Orme is dead," his companion answered, gravely.

"Tea is ready, father," said a childish treble at his knee. Both men started and smiled, as, on looking down, they saw a flaxen head breaking the shadow between them, and each felt a little hand slipped in his own.

"You shall both lead me home," she said, graciously. And accordingly all three entered the Auriel door together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has passed an act imposing a penalty of $25 for killing any insect-eating bird, one-half the fine to be paid to the informer. Most of the small birds generally seen in this latitude are classed under the head of insectivorous birds.

Only a few years ago a June promenade through many of our shady streets and parks was made intensely disagreeable by the spinning inch-worms which dropped down upon garments and upon one's own person with most uncomfortable familiarity. This nuisance is now almost entirely abated—a circumstance doubtless due in part to the protection which has been extended in our city to sparrows and other birds.

The value of birds as insect-exterminators can scarcely be overestimated; indeed they are indispensable to successful agriculture. In many parts of Switzerland, Germany, and other European states, the protection of birds is a subject of strict legislation. That there is need of laws on the subject figures will show. According to official statements there were gathered and delivered to the authorities of the canton of Berne, during 1864 and 1865, about 36,000 imperial bushels of Maychafers, and 30,000 bushels of canker-worms! The number of chafers thus collected was estimated at 628,000,000; the number of canker-worms at 1,528,132,000. Had these insects lived they would have increased thirtyfold by the spring of 1867, or to 64,500,000,000. When it is considered that a single canker-worm during its existence from the egg to its change into a chrysalis eats two pounds of vegetable root matter, it follows that, had not the authorities taken such active measures, the entire harvest of the canton would have been consumed by them in the year 1867. A German agricultural paper, by a series of nice but sensible calculations, estimates that a swallow family of seven members will consume in a summer not less than 576,000 injurious insects; and that if 100 pairs of swallows make their nests in a village these birds and their descendants will, in the course of a single summer, eat over 57,000,000 of insects.

The last intelligence received from Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, was of date December 14, 1867, at which time he was at Cazambe, seven hundred miles from Zanzibar, since which no reliable information has been received concerning him; but he is believed to be alive and well.

The gentler sex are going to extreme lengths in Paris! A duel is reported to have come off between a lady and a gentleman. M. d'Aurevilly, theatrical critic of the *Nain Faune*, having said something which displeased Mademoiselle Duverger, an actress at the Gaité, that lady called him out, and the duel came off on Sunday afternoon at St. Germain. Mademoiselle Duverger chose pistols, and at the first shot succeeded in carrying off one of the locks of hair which adorned her opponent's head. Her seconds—two actresses from the same theatre—then declared honor satisfied, and the party wound up the day by a dinner at the Pavilion Henri IV.

The "Pacific," one of the Erie Railway Drawing-room Coaches, is a most luxurious affair. It is sixty-eight feet long, and divided into ten compartments. Each compartment is lighted by large plate-glass windows; the upholstery is of the richest crimson plush: the wood-work elegantly carved and inlaid; and nothing seems wanting to insure comfort and luxury. An entire apartment of eight seats may be rented from New York to Buffalo for $12, in addition to the ordinary fare; an apartment for four persons for $6, or a single seat for $1 50.

Queen Isabella has made her appearance in a Paris court as plaintiff against an aged Baroness. Isabella, it seems, agreed to hire two houses of the Baroness, on condition that certain alterations were made at a given time. The alterations, however, were not completed at the promised time, and the ex-Queen gave up her lease. But she had paid in advance half a year's rent. The Court decided that this should be restored to her, but that Isabella should pay the Baroness ten thousand francs for alterations made in anticipation of her inhabiting the houses.

There is a prospect that some of the baggage belonging to travelers will be saved from total wreck. The Legislature of Massachusetts have had a bill before it to the effect that any baggage-master, express-agent, hackman, or other person whose duty it is to handle baggage, who shall wantonly injure it while in their charge shall be punished by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding two months. Such a law, if strictly enforced, would be a saving of trunks and tempers. Other States might well follow the example of Massachusetts.

The first publication Japan has sent forth expressly for foreign readers is a literary curiosity. It is a pamphlet printed in the form of Japanese wood-cuts on China paper, representing the successive and varied experiences of a traveler, in the most graphic and quaint way; with an explanation of each adventure in English. It is published in Yokohama, and a few copies of the edition have been imported, and may be seen by the curious at the book-store of G. P. Putnam & Co.

A terrible hail-storm lately occurred in Union County, Illinois. The ground was in some places covered two feet deep. The hail-stones measured from one to two and a half inches in diameter, and some were found as large as a man's fist. The damage to fruit was very great, particularly to strawberries and peaches.

A young girl in Boston has originated a very pleasant charity. At her suggestion the chapel of one of the central churches is opened two mornings in the week for the reception of fresh fruits and flowers, which are to be distributed among the poor of the city who are on beds of suffering. These gifts will bring joy to many weary hearts.

During the past year the "Home" under the supervision of the American Female Guardian Society has sheltered 227 adults and 452 children; 150 children have been placed by the Society in homes elsewhere, and 199 adults have been assisted to situations in families. There are nine industrial schools in the care of this Society, having an average attendance of 1300 children.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SENIOR WRANGLERS—Quarrelsome Old Men.

What inanimate objects show a dislike to solitude?—Velocipedes: because they'll never travel without somebody.

THE "PARTS" OF SPEECH—S, p, e, e, c, h.

A novelty has been introduced at social parties in Paris. At the entrance of the saloon is placed a large covered basket containing small bouquets of flowers. Each guest plunges his or her hand into the basket and takes a bouquet, which the ladies attach to their dress or put in their hair, and the gentlemen place in their button-hole. The latter promenade through the saloons, each in search of a lady wearing a similar bouquet to his own; and when she is found he has a right to take possession of her and retain her as a partner. What the gentleman does if he finds two ladies, or half a dozen, with similar bouquets, is not reported—or are the bouquets carefully made in couples?

YOUNG LADY (*to Fred, with thin legs*). "Fred, I always admired your courage. I knew when I first laid eyes on you that you was brave to rashness."

FRED (*coming up smiling*). "Oh don't, my dear! Why do you say that?"

YOUNG LADY. "Why, any man must have courage who can trust himself long at a time on such legs as yours."

ILLEGAL HUSBANDRY—Thrashing a wife.

"Wife! why in the name of goodness did you not make the washer-woman put starch in my shirt-collar?" "Why, my dear," said the wife, "I thought it a useless waste of the article, for I can get your *choler* up so easily without it."

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

A PUZZLE.

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are but three of us,
Nine are but four of us.
What can we possibly be?
Would you know more of us?
I'll tell you more of us;
Twelve are but six of us,
Five are but four of us.

Ans.—The number of letters contained in each numeral.

Velocipedes are expensive. A gentleman in a certain town of Northern New York recently bought a bicycle for which he paid $100: broke a plate-glass window, for which he paid $40; cut his face and neck, for which he paid the doctor $5; ruined one pair of pantaloons, for which he paid $11; frightened a horse so that the animal ran away and broke a buggy, for which he paid damages amounting to $60; and, finally, smashed his velocipede by running into a brick wall, leaving him $216 out of pocket and a court-plastered face to show for it.

Josh Billings says:

"I honestly beleave it iz better tew know nothing than tew know what ain't so.

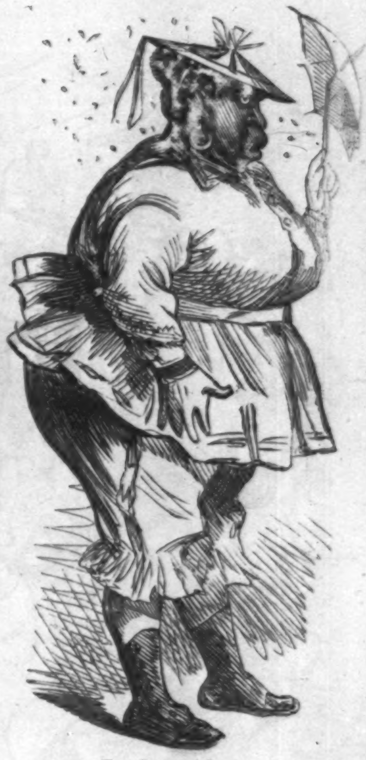
"Going tew law iz like skinning a new milch cow for the hide and giving the meat tew the lawyers.

"When you hain't got nothing tew do, do it at once; this iz the way to learn to be bizzy.

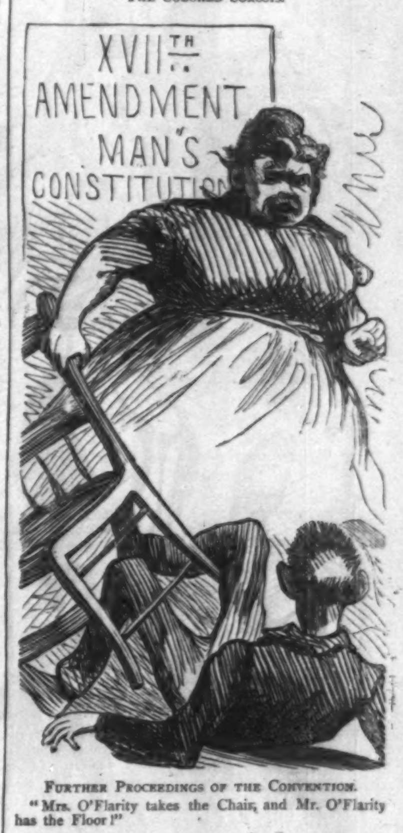
"The less a man knows, the more he will guess at; and guessing iz nothing more than suspicion.

"Living on hope iz like living on wind, a good way tew git phull, but a poor way tew git phatt."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

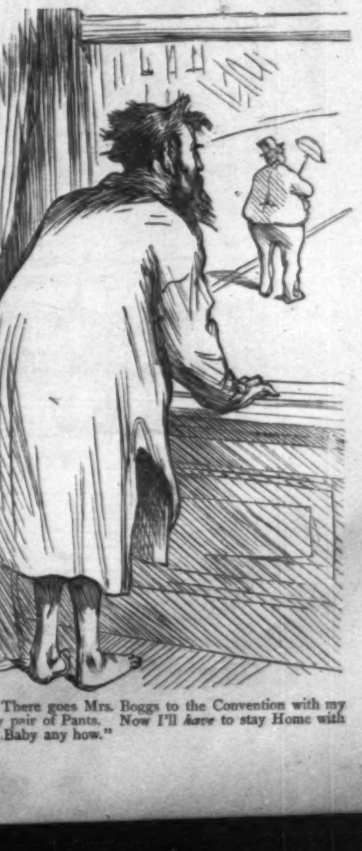


THE COLORED SOROSIS.

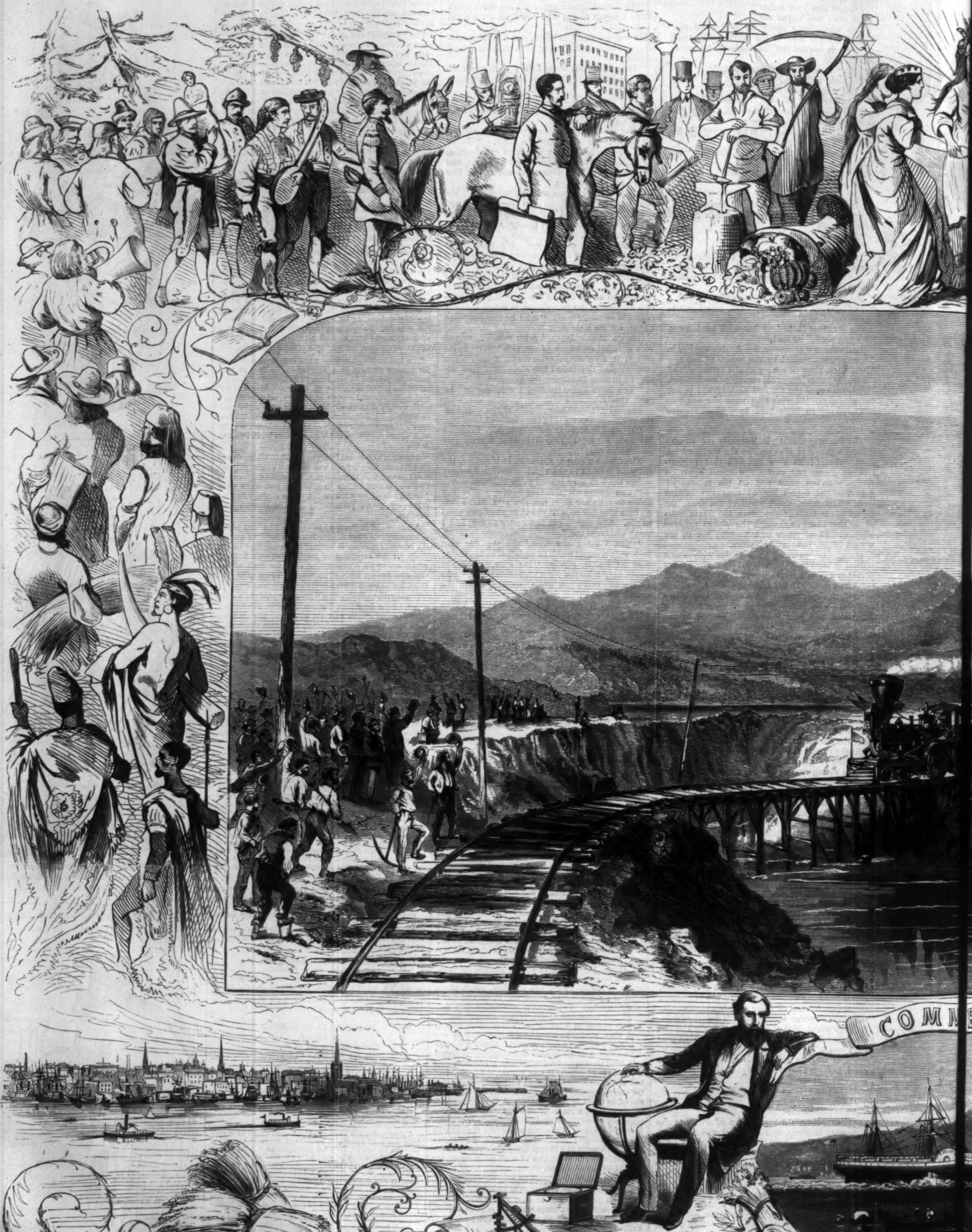


FURTHER PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION.

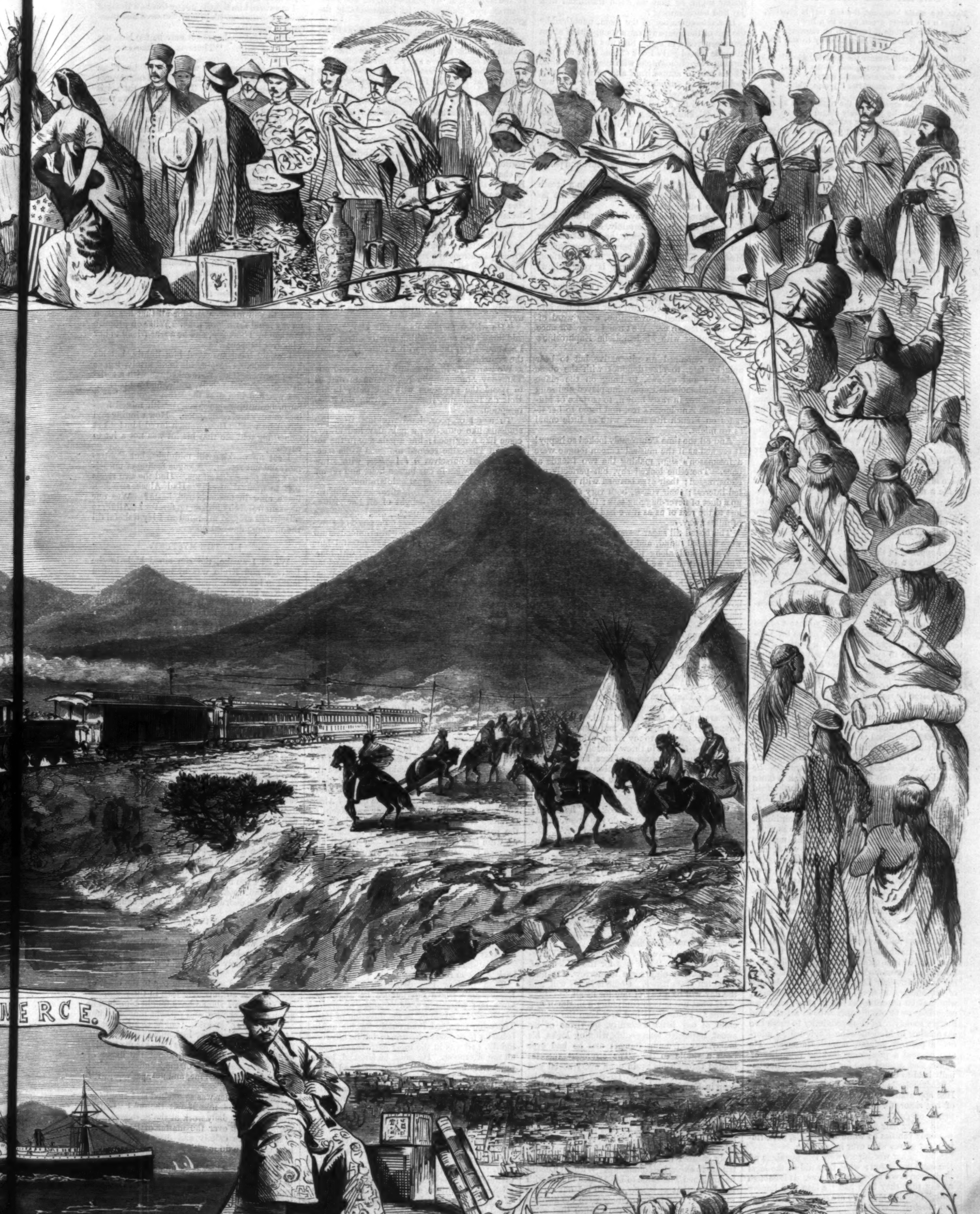
"Mrs. O'Flarity takes the Chair, and Mr. O'Flarity has the Floor!"



"There goes Mrs. Boggs to the Convention with my only pair of Pants. Now I'll *have* to stay Home with the Baby any how."



COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, MAY 10, 1869—THE GREAT LINK CON[illegible]CT



NCTING EUROPE WITH ASIA ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—[See Page 341.]

UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

FALL the white blossoms, the soft turf is glowing,
Rustle the tender green ferns in a row:
Under the chestnuts it seems to be snowing,
While the grand leafy boughs sway to and fro.

Glints on the mill-stream the silvering glory
Of the full tender-eyed Queen of the Night:
Telling to lovers the ever-same story,
Filling with dew-drops the lily-cups white.

Hushed are the moorlands: the nightingale keepeth
Vigil alone, as he plaintively sings:
Under the ferns every gray rabbit sleepeth,
Monarchs are peasants, and peasants are kings.

Through the tall chestnuts the night-breeze is straying,
Kissing their leaves and their pyramids white;
Through the tall chestnuts the zephyrs are playing,
Sporting like brownies and fays in the night.

Under the chestnuts we wandered a-dreaming,
True friends, and lovers, in years long ago;
Back come those visions to-night, and, in seeming,
Boyhood has come again;—would it were so!

And yet I know not—for why should we, weeping,
Sigh for the past, that can ne'er come again?
Better by far to let memory, sleeping,
Lie unawakened, nor murmur in vain!

Mlle. Euphrosine's Thursdays.

BY MISS DE BETHAM-EDWARDS.

AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR JACOB," "KITTY," ETC., ETC.

I.—THE FIRST THURSDAY.

WE were four medical students in Paris.

The elder, Aleck M'Kaye, was a Scotchman; next came Sebastian Krebs, whose patronymic bespeaks his German origin; the third in the category was myself, Tom Lightfoot, a Londoner; a gifted young Italian named Joseph Pontremoly, completed the quartette.

More than one tie bound us together in a sort of brotherhood.

There was our poverty to begin with. We were almost as poor as Victor Hugo's hero who made a mutton chop do duty for three dinners. We were all young, all enthusiastic votaries of Æsculapius, all fond of pleasure; and we were all in love with the same woman. The beginning of our love-story is the beginning of my narrative.

It happened in this wise:

There were two professional ladies, relatives of Pontremoly, to whose weekly *réunions* we were always welcome, and as we liked society and got very little of it, we seldom failed to present ourselves at the modest salon of Mademoiselle Euphrosine.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine, the youngest of the two sisters and the leading spirit of the little coterie, was no longer young. Of a woman's age who may dare to speak? Suffice it to say, that in losing her youth she had not lost her charms, and that if she wanted declared lovers, she could count admirers by the dozen. She was, moreover, a siren by right of musical gifts. She sang and played our hearts away night after night. There was this inexpressible consolation, that as our siren was neither young nor beautiful, we were not constrained to stop our ears with wax.

Mademoiselle Antoinette, the elder sister, fascinated us by her intellect and conversational powers. A *diplomée* professor of literature, she prided herself upon being able to break a lance with this or that distinguished author in the field of politics, belles-lettres, or social science. Mademoiselle Euphrosine, by comparison with her sister Mademoiselle Antoinette, was beautiful.

The weekly receptions, though each was a tolerably accurate copy of the other, did not tire us. Music, conversation, dominos, whist, and tea, followed each other in unvarying succession, and there was so little variety among the guests that a fresh arrival was looked upon as an event.

With such an event our love-story began. One evening we entered Mademoiselle Euphrosine's salon to find every thing as completely transformed as if a magician's wand had been at work there. Our two hostesses were in their usual places and surrounded by their usual satellites; the æsthetic siren, Mademoiselle Euphrosine, dressed in a girlish costume of white muslin and pink rose-buds, sat at the piano. Over her bent Monsieur Laguesse, the most devoted of her adorers, a stout, sentimental gentleman, who may be described as one of those unknown celebrities so plentifully met with in artistic and literary society. In close proximity to these two sat another of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's adorers, a portrait painter, named Berneval. He also boasted a prosperous looking rotundity of figure, that argued well for a profession not usually held to be lucrative.

Mademoiselle Antoinette occupied the sofa. Her appearance contrasted strikingly with that of her sister, for she wore the same rusty garments on gala occasions and in the professional chair. Her hair went its own way. No such womanly vanities as white wristbands, neck-ribbons, or gloves were ever indulged in.

Chief of her worshipers were two members of the legal profession; what they did in the legal profession is not necessary to know. It is enough to say that they both had "a lean and hungry look," befitting men who are supposed "to think too much."

Gathered round the table were the usual whist and domino players, a group of ladies and gentlemen who, having nothing to do with my narrative, may be described *en masse* as literary, artistic, amiable, and gifted with the enviable faculty of never growing tired of each other.

Such, then, was the usual *mise-en-scène* of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. But where was the magician whose wand had metamorphosed the familiar scene to us on this particular night, so that we stood transfixed with joy and bewilderment?

In a remote corner of the room, unnoticed by the rest of the company, sat a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She was dressed in an ill-made school-girl's frock of blue stuff, and was turning over photographs with the air of a child who is told to amuse itself and be good, hardly looking up on our entrance. But her face was so sweet and lovely that it seemed wonderful the others could for a moment ignore her presence. Her complexion was that of a delicate pea-blossom, her mouth small and vivacious, her nose, not classic certainly, but the prettiest imaginable; her eyes large and of a delicious blue, misty, dreamy, unfathomable; and, to crown all, she had the gold-brown hair that poets love and painters adore.

All four of us were bewitched, and in a breath demanded of Mademoiselle Euphrosine the favor of an introduction.

"An introduction to my little pupil and niece, Theresine Romano? Certainly, Messieurs; but she is a school-girl at present, and speaks hardly ten words of French. Theresine, mon enfant, Messieurs Krebs, Pontremoly, and Lightfoot, voilà. Monsieur Pontremoly is your fellow-countryman."

Pontremoly's eyes sparkled with conscious triumph, and he seated himself by the young girl's side. In a moment or two they had fallen into an easy, animated conversation, every word of which was lost to us. We turned away, for once out of humor with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.

There remained no alternative but to bear unlucky fate, to play dominos with the obese bachelors and widows, to hang on the piano while Mademoiselle Euphrosine played and sang to her adorer in rusty brown, to partake of Mademoiselle Antoinette's tea, and listen to her tirades on French literature, with as little ennui as we might.

And all the time Pontremoly looked so happy! It seemed as if the musical Tuscan tongue were a freemason's sign, making the two friends at once. Theresine looked shy, but perfectly unembarrassed; their eyes beamed with reciprocated interest; their voices, both very sweet, kept up a duet of never-flagging talk; they seemed as lost to the rest of us as if we had been hundreds of miles away.

This lasted till sugar-water, wine, and biscuits were handed round, and the party broke up.

We walked along the Boulevards moodily. For the first time we had nothing to say to each other about the evening's amusement; formerly it had been how well So-and-So had played whist; what clever things So-and-So had said; how exquisitely Mademoiselle Euphrosine had played this or that movement of Beethoven's, etc.

"Confound Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays," said Aleck to me, surlily. "I would give them up to-morrow were it not for the good opportunity it is of speaking French."

"For my part," Krebs said, with an affectation of gayety, "the spirit of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays has only now begun."

Pontremoly said nothing till we reached our quarters on the Quai St. Michel. When the others had taken their keys and gone off to bed he accompanied me to my room, evidently seeking a *tête-à-tête*. He threw himself on the sofa, with an unusual expression of face, half troubled, half joyful. Pontremoly had always trusted me, and loved me better than the others, and I regarded him in the light of a young and petted brother.

"Is she not an angel to look at?" he asked; "and an angel she is. Yet, do you know, Lightfoot, I almost wish I had never seen her."

"Never see her again," I cried. "The remedy is in your own hands."

"I am not joking," Pontremoly added, smiling his own wayward, winning smile; "and I do not mind telling my strange fancies to you, for you respect them. Mark, then, what I say. I feel as sure that Mademoiselle Euphrosine's niece is my Fate as I am of my own existence."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "every pretty face is a man's fate by turns. Remember Adrienne; remember Emilie."

"Oh! what have they in common with Theresine?" he said. "But wait for the evidence of my words. It may come to-morrow. It may come ten years hence. Come it surely will, and the day will be a day of fate for us all."

Of what use is it to contradict a madman or a genius? Pontremoly had ever been the spoiled child of our little fraternity, by virtue of his sweet, impulsive temper, his winning looks, his happy way of doing things; and he had ever been a riddle to us. The strangest theories floated through his brain upon every social and metaphysical question. To-day he would be deep in Fourierism; to-morrow in the Hegelian philosophy. He was like a chameleon, consistent only in his inconsistency.

From that day Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays became the turning-point in our existence. Krebs, Aleck, and myself betook ourselves to the study of Italian, in which Pontremoly assisted us with a zeal we could only attribute to excessive confidence. Without a doubt he imagined Theresine to have fallen in love with him. Be that as it may, we all set out on the same race; and if Pontremoly were the swiftest runner there was always the chance that some stone might trip him up.

Certainly Theresine was very kind to us all. She was of so childlike and caressing a nature that it seemed impossible to her to pain any one of us by a slight, however unintentional. Without the slightest shade of coquetry she distributed smiles and words so impartially that it would have been impossible for an outsider to guess at the most favored lover. Krebs and myself declared to each other that we were frantically in love; at the same time we acknowledged, *sub rosâ*, Pontremoly's chances to be immeasurably the greater.

Aleck alone maintained an icy silence as to his feelings. He sat up till midnight poring over an Italian grammar and phrase-book. He dined off bread and *soupe maigre* every Thursday, in order to buy Theresine a bouquet. He pawned his dearly loved skeleton for the sake of buying a dress-coat.

Aleck was the least popular among us; but we felt bound to acknowledge that he, if any one, deserved to carry off the prize.

II.—THE SECOND THURSDAY.

THURSDAY succeeded Thursday, bringing its portion of joy or disappointment to each of us as chance might be. If Theresine smiled upon Krebs—stout, jolly, spectacled Krebs—he became a person the gods might envy. If Theresine had withheld a kind word from myself, I declared my cup of wretchedness to be full to the brim, and my comrade believed me.

We had all mastered a little Italian now, and as Theresine could speak charming broken French, Pontremoly's supremacy was at an end. Wayward in all things, he was equally wayward in love-making. What would have disconcerted most lovers seemed a cause of satisfaction to him, and instead of resenting the advantages we had already gained, he positively put others in our way.

"He wishes to give us all fair play," Aleck said more than once, smiling bitterly; Krebs and I acknowledged the fact with a better grace than the Scotchman.

We were now in the month of June, and one Thursday Mademoiselle Euphrosine invited us to spend the afternoon with her party in the Bois de Boulogne, instead of giving the usual reception.

To a set of poor, hard-working, friendless students like ourselves, a gala day had always come like a godsend; but a gala day in the society of Theresine seemed too good to be true. We dressed ourselves *à l'Anglais*, with straw hats, and flowers in our button-hole, and set off to the rendezvous in great exhilaration.

The day was superb. Mademoiselle Euphrosine's toilet was the delight of all her visitors excepting Theresine's lovers. She looked—at a distance—like a shepherdess on a piece of Dresden china, what with her broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with rose-buds, her fanciful blue bodice, and long white dress bordered with blue. On her arm she carried a dainty scarf matching the dress, and in one hand a tiny parasol. What she wanted in youthfulness she made up by animation. No wonder Monsieur Laguesse was in a seventh heaven.

And Theresine? *She* needed no superficial allurements of the milliner, looking in her cheap blue gown and old-fashioned brown hat as lovely as the Madonnas of Raphael and Murillo. Her bright, gold-brown hair hung curling in childish fashion about her neck; her sweet mouth smiled "celestial rosy red;" her large, dreamy eyes looked bluer, more pathetic than ever.

For an hour or two we wandered among the green alleys, then resorted to a little restaurant on the borders of the fairy-like little lake southward of the Bois, and partook of ices. Monsieur Laguesse proposed that the gentlemen should treat the ladies to a row, and though such an act of gallantry was sure to entail the sacrifice of a dinner or breakfast, we hailed the proposal eagerly.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine divided the party warily, arranging Theresine to the care of Aleck and myself, requiring Pontremoly and Krebs as cavaliers to two of the younger young ladies of the party. The plain truth must be told, that we were less entertaining than our Italian and German comrades, so that we were indebted to the privilege by very reason of our inferiority. But Pontremoly, for the first time, acted like a jealous lover. With a swift, snake-like movement he possessed himself of the Scotchman's seat beside Theresine, seized the oar, and put off.

Aleck turned deadly white, and holding up his fist, shook it in Pontremoly's face. Pontremoly only laughed defiance, and as the boat glided away shouted, in a mocking voice, "I give you my next chance!"

"You shall pay the price of this first!" shouted back Aleck in return.

Then we saw him deprecate Mademoiselle Euphrosine's suave interference by angry gestures, and without a word of adieu or apology to the others, stride off in the direction of Paris. Theresine reproved Pontremoly for his unkind behavior to *ce pauvre Ecossais*; but he answered lightly, and was in the most extravagant spirits all the afternoon. He sang, he laughed, he improvised games, he acted the minstrel and *pierrot* alternately. When we joined the others I noticed that he fell back with Theresine, and whispered earnestly to her. She replied in low, trembling tones. I fancied I heard the sound of sobs. Pontremoly looked pale and agitated after the adieux were made, and taking hold of my arm, proposed that we should leave Krebs to follow his own behests and stroll home together.

"What a fool that good Aleck must be," he said, "to think that his passion or his rage can divide Theresine and myself! You're an Englishman, Lightfoot, and a person to be trusted; of course, it's as plain as daylight how matters stand between her and me."

I could not deny that he appeared Theresine's favored love, and I said so.

"That's well said," he went on; "but now I have a strange thing to confide to you. Something—I know not what—tells me that though Theresine loves me, and though I would die for her, we shall not be long together. Aleck's chance will come then." He broke into a wild laugh, adding: "Let him use it as best he may. But now I want to talk to you of ourselves. I shall soon have to leave Theresine."

I answered him lightly, taking this new thought as only the thousandth of nine hundred and ninety-nine vagaries.

"Turn philosopher ere it may be too late, my friend," I said. "There is no time like the present."

"What business have we to talk of time?" he said. "Time is but the succession of such events as are assigned to us. Theresine in the spirit must be mine always, though in the flesh we may be divided next week, ay, to-morrow!"

"On my word," I answered, "you make light of lovers' partings. Come, now, confess that you will not be very melancholy, very lachrymose!"

"Jest at me, mock me as you will," he added, coldly; "the time for jesting is short. Did I not tell you that my fate was coming, Lightfoot? When it comes, you will jest no more."

Then he left me. We had strolled together the length of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and parted at the Place de Concorde. Pontremoly entered the Tuileries gardens, bound homeward—we lived on the Quai St. Michel—and I turned down the Rue de Rivoli.

But I had hardly walked a dozen yards before a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a familiar voice called my name.

It was Pontremoly.

"I did not mean to part from you in anger, just now," he said, "and I want to say something to you for once and for all that has been on my mind for a long time. Will you promise to stand by Theresine, and be a true friend to her whatever happens?"

I would have answered him lightly, but his look forbade. Grasping his hand firmly, I gave the promise. Then he thanked me with a satisfied, though melancholy, smile, and we parted.

I watched him over the street—graceful as a fawn, beautiful as an Apollo—with mixed feelings of envy and compassion. How winning and gifted he was! How women loved him! Yet something told me that his lot was not a lot to covet.

I sat up working till midnight, but Pontremoly did not return. A vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of me. Had the two rivals met to quarrel afresh? Had Aleck struck a fierce blow in unconsidered haste? Was our pleasant fraternity broken up forever? All these misgivings crossed my mind as I lay wakeful till the morning dawned.

III.—THE MYSTERY.

WHEN I awoke, the sun stood high in the heavens, and Krebs was by my bedside with a letter in his hand.

"Now for the great and inscrutable mystery," he said. "Pontremoly has never come home, but this note was left at the house-door early, and will, doubtless, explain every thing."

I rubbed my eyes and turned over the missive inquisitively.

"Don't keep a fellow in suspense," Krebs cried, with impatience. "What if it prove a mere case of elopement after all?"

Then I tore open the envelope and read the following, written closely and deliberately in Pontremoly's effeminate hand:

"*I follow the beckoning finger of Fate without looking back. Remember your promise, and be a brother to Theresine.*"

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes in blank amazement. Then all broke into one cry of horrified dismay.

"Barmherziger Gott!" exclaimed Krebs, turning pale. "The poor lad has not committed suicide?"

"What motive should he have for such a deed?" I said, trembling with undefined apprehension.

"None, except madness," Krebs answered, wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow. "And Pontremoly has always seemed half mad to me. But let us hear what Aleck has to say."

"Am I the madman's keeper?" said an angry voice; and, looking up, we beheld Aleck, who stood in the doorway, paler and more aghast than ourselves.

"You don't think I've murdered him, do you?" he said, laughing grimly.

There was a somewhat awkward pause. At last Krebs asked, quite naturally, whether Aleck and Pontremoly had fought on the previous night.

Aleck glared angrily from one to the other of us, and took an impatient turn in the room.

"Of course I should have fought him, had he given me the chance, and perhaps murdered him—who knows?" he said, "but he clearly kept out of my way. You may look incredulous, Lightfoot; you may stare, Krebs: that is my reading of the poor fool's prating about the finger of Fate. He was afraid of me," and then Aleck laughed—"afraid of me, and not, perhaps, without good reason."

Aleck's manner was so excited and suspicious that Krebs and myself felt thankful when he went off to his daily work at the Sorbonne. We wanted to talk over the matter of Pontremoly's disappearance calmly and dispassionately, and how could we do it with Aleck present in such a mood?

"Of course, Aleck is as innocent of any harm to our old comrade as myself," Krebs said, adding, with a grimace, "though I wouldn't stand in his shoes for something if Pontremoly never turns up."

"He will not be suspected?" I said.

Krebs shrugged his shoulders.

"If a man disappears somebody must be suspected of foul play, and who so likely as the person known to have threatened him the day before?"

We talked a long time, and at last came to the conclusion that, if Pontremoly did not appear in a week's time, we would hand over his letters, keys, etc., to the police. Of our consternation, as day succeeded day—of our confidence in to-morrow's chance—of our blind hopes—of our still blinder solutions of the mystery—I need not speak. All our fellow-participators in the delights of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays took part in our suspense and sorrow. By their advice, the facts of the case were laid before a commissary of the police, and Aleck was subjected to a judicial examination that was any thing but agreeable. Pontremoly, however, not to be proved dead, how was Aleck to be proved murderer?

For several days our quiet little apartments were besieged by magnificent-looking gens d'armes, who peered into every corner, and almost took us all into custody because we could not manufacture proofs.

During this unhappy time, Aleck's conduct was most extraordinary. No vestige of evidence marked him as guilty of any thing beyond the shaken fist and the muttered threat in the Bois de Boulogne. There alike proofs and probability came to a stand-still, since there was nothing to show that the rivals had met again. But Aleck's attitude was willfully, persistently that of a conscience-smitten man. He seemed to take a weird delight in the mesh of suspicious circumstances in which he found himself. He would so improve upon the chances against him, that there were times when Krebs and myself trembled, as if indeed we were in the presence of a murderer. Our concern, discomfort, transient mood, or—to put the thing into plain words—suspicion, however much we might try to conceal it, filled him with eerie exultation. Laying hold on some chain of circumstantial evidence, finer than Ariadne's thread, he would force us to follow him through labyrinthine thickets of guilt and darkness till we came to the full light of the horrible truth. Then with a grim chuckle of satisfaction—"Don't you see it?" he would cry, looking from one to the other. "It must be I and no other on whose shoulders the crime of Pontremoly's disappearance rests."

For a time our peaceful little *mansarde* became a very den of discord. One moment Aleck turned upon us for slighting or insulting him; the next, for being too kind to a wretch who would bear the brand of Cain to his dying day.

But here the influence of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays came like balm—healing, soothing, restoring. The sisters really bewailed the loss of their youngest, most gifted, and most beautiful guest—for, as I have before said, Pontremoly had the face of a young god—moreover, they felt much for the misery that had befallen his boon companions. Accordingly, we were fêted and petted like convalescent children or prodigal sons. Each succeeding Thursday was made, in some sort, a surprise by means of new guests or new amusements. Mademoiselle Euphrosine borrowed novels for us without number; Mademoiselle Antoinette invited us to *tête-à-tête* intellectual breakfasts. Under this kindly feminine influence Krebs and myself gradually recovered our spirits, while Aleck recovered his sanity. And Theresine?

Her conduct was even more inexplicable than that of Aleck, since it did not change. She had ever been gay and sad by turns—the one to-day, the other to-morrow; changeful as the winds and seas, it was always doubtful in which mood we should find her. Either she was an incomparable actress, or Pontremoly's disappearance affected her less than it did any of us. She talked of him to all of us in a strain of mingled enthusiasm and triumph. She even entered into the never-ending discussions upon the mystery without apparent flinching. Had she any heart, this young Southerner, with her enchanting smiles and chameleon eyes? Did she mask an inward despair under the semblance of unconcern? Was she privy to this terrible silence? Was she a traitor to him, to herself, to us all?

I had made many overtures of friendliness, in compliance with my poor friend's request, but met with rebuffs only. Theresine would lightly deprecate the proffered service with a smile or a sophism. Again and again I endeavored to fulfill the sacred trust confided to me, again and again to fail. At last my patience gave way, and I spoke out.

It happened one evening that I found myself alone on the sofa with Theresine. The rest of the party were engaged in a loud and animated social discussion, and there was no fear of our conversation being overheard.

"Mademoiselle," I said, in Italian, "I am sad to see you so gay. Pontremoly was a rare lover—yet you smile, you sing, you dance! Must I believe that you are heartless? Must I believe that, worse still, you are untrue? Pardon me, mademoiselle, if, as the friend deputed by Pontremoly to watch over you, I speak out the thought of my heart, knowing all the while that it must give you pain."

She looked at me with all the pathos of her sweet eyes, her lips trembled, her dimpled cheeks grew pale; and, bending low, she whispered with apparent effort:

"Oh! monsieur, do not judge me yet. Have patience; trust me a little longer. I am indeed true to him."

"And have you any hope?" I asked.

"How can I despair?" she said. "If he were dead, I know that his spirit would not dwell apart from mine. He believed that too."

"You will be happy till then?" I said, for the time possessed by the young girl's strange faith.

"I shall hope till then; and even this silence, worse than death, does not divide true lovers," she answered, passionately. "What, indeed, is separation in the letter, since in the spirit it can not exist?"

More of this strange talk we held that night, and then I learned, for the first time, how thoroughly Pontremoly had imbued this fresh young nature with his fatalistic notions and dreamy pantheism. Theresine, who looked and seemed so childlike, could understand better than any of us the exquisitely harmonious and gifted being whom we all loved so well and mourned so bitterly.

For the first time Theresine's actions became transparent to me as the waters of a brooklet bubbling over pebbles. She believed too strongly in the supernatural doctrines with which Pontremoly had imbued her to despair, or even doubt as yet. Thus explained, her cheerfulness was no longer heartless, her belief in the future no longer a chimera.

But for us, who could not cherish the same hopes, or console ourselves with the same assurance of revelation by-and-by, the mystery became as a nightmare, and time did not remove it from our souls.

IV.—THE LAST THURSDAY.

Thus months wore on; and if we did not grow reconciled to the mysterious loss of our comrade, at least we began to look upon it as inevitable, and consequently to be endured. Any thing like a vestige of evidence never appeared. Gradually the police ceased to grumble, and the public to make inquiry. A young medical student had disappeared—an Italian—given to queer hallucinations and somewhat unorthodox notions about life and social destiny, *voilà tout*. The Parisian world has too much on its hands to concern itself beyond the moment about so small an affair.

Exactly a year after the rueful day on which we had lost sight of Pontremoly, Mademoiselle Euphrosine gave a more important Thursday than usual. In the first place, the courtship of twenty years seemed likely to come to an end; for, in consequence of having received a small legacy, Monsieur Laguesse had made our hostess an offer of marriage; in the second, our term of study was drawing to a close, and before Mademoiselle Euphrosine should have reopened her *salon* as Madame Laguesse, we were sure to be leagues away from Paris. Krebs was about to return to Stuttgard; Aleck had accepted the post of surgeon on board a steamer in the Messageries Imperiales; I, too, reluctantly saw myself drifting into that most stagnant of respectable careers, a country practice. With regard to Theresine, our feelings remained much the same, excepting that Aleck grew more hopeful as the time of separation grew near.

"There is no accounting for the ways of women," he said to me one day, confidentially. "Theresine has given me a promise."

I looked up in amazement.

"You may well want to know more," he said; "but I have only this to tell you. If ever Theresine accepts a second lover, I am he."

This hope, which I could but regard as deceptive as the landscape of a mirage, buoyed him up to the last. He paid court to her with a persistency that would have been ludicrous in another man, but was pathetic in him. He determined to make money, so that the wooing, if ever it came to that, should be done in a shower of gold. In fact, there were no bounds either to his infatuation or his blindness.

On this last gala evening that we were all to spend together, he had laid out five francs on a bouquet of exquisite roses, which he presented immediately on entering the room. They were hardly needed to heighten Theresine's loveliness that night. She no longer wore a child's stuff frock, and secluded herself in an obscure corner of the room. Dressed in white, her golden hair braided about her exquisitely shaped head, and adorned with a wreath of blush roses, a transparent silvery scarf falling over her shoulders, her lips, cheeks, and eyes aglow with excitement—what wonder that we all wished Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays but just begun?

Doubtless Theresine's piquant beauty and naïve character had been developing for months past; but to us the child seemed to have merged into the maiden as if by magic. Where had she learned this vivacity, this repartee, this delightful art of pleasing and tormenting in a breath? Who had taught her the woman's way of delicious cruelty, of fascinating unkindness?

"What fools you and I have been?" whispered Krebs at my elbow. "The race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong. We might have stepped into Pontremoly's shoes had we set our minds to it."

He joined the whist players. I sat down at the piano, and turned over Mademoiselle Euphrosine's music-book, alas! for the last time. Aleck had no eye but for Theresine. About ten o'clock little Antoinette prepared tea, and the vociferation was hushed for a while. Mademoiselle Euphrosine and her betrothed pathetically divided a *plaisir* biscuit between them, and sat munching it, with sentiment, side by side. A semicircle of nondescript visitors occupied the sofa, sipping tea and talking scandal. Krebs and Aleck had been summoned to assist with the tea-cups, and stood apart contemplating every one by turns. Theresine, for the only time that evening, sat alone, and precisely in the same spot where we had first seen her sitting months and months ago. I remembered how Pontremoly had taken the coveted place beside her, leaving us all so boyishly jealous, and then the great mystery of our poor friend's disappearance forced itself upon my mind as if it were a thing of to-day.

Must it remain forever unsolved? I said to myself, with fierce impatience. Must we go each our ways, nay, down to our graves, and never unriddle the awful game that Fate has played with us? If this is so, then indeed are the fatalists to be envied, who console themselves with the assurance that all is foredoomed from the beginning of time; one thought, aphis-like, generates thousands; and as I stood thus, thinking so little of the scene and the life present with me, launching so recklessly into inscrutable circumstances, many minutes had passed. When this mood of intense retrospection was over, I looked up involuntarily. The women coquetted, the men flattered, the lights gleamed; but Theresine was no longer alone.

Was I dreaming, or was it indeed Pontremoly who sat beside her, his face intent, his slight figure leaning forward, his fingers toying with the flowers that lay on her lap, his whole attitude recalling that evening on which he had first taught us to envy him?

I felt as if turning to stone; I could not utter a word; I could not lift my hand; I could only gaze and gaze with increasing bewilderment. How came he there, and thus? Why had he entered secretly? Why did no one notice his presence?

A voice at my elbow refreshed my clouded senses, as cold water rouses the swooning. It was Aleck who was speaking. Pale, his hair bristled, his eyes dilating, he lifted an unsteady finger in the direction of Pontremoly, and whispered:

"See, he is going—he is gone! Oh! Lightfoot, what have we two seen to-night?"

I looked up. The chair beside Theresine was vacant. She sat gazing at it, pale but calm.

"Do you think she saw—it—him?" asked Aleck, under his breath. "Speak to her, Lightfoot; I can not."

I drew him a little aside, and tried to reason away our strange hallucination. The empty chair, the unconcerned faces of the guests, Theresine's composure—all went to prove that we had been the victims of our own excited fancy. I did not wish to believe myself nor any one else subject to supernatural influences; and is it not a well-known fact in physiological history that the brain in a diseased state of activity can produce an outward εἴδωλον of the unseen spiritual conception?

"My dear fellow," I said, "granted that we have both been under a delusion—what more likely?—but do not magnify the delusion into a supernatural manifestation. Doubtless you were thinking, as I was, of Pontremoly. Was it not natural that imagination should do the rest, and *seem* to present him in living reality before us?"

He shook his head incredulously and was about to answer, when Mademoiselle Antoinette came up with lemonade. We were compelled to accept it, and her company also. When we were released the party had begun to disperse; Theresine was not to be seen; and, after lingering in the deserted *salon* for some time, politeness bade us to depart.

"Theresine is gone to bed, somewhat overcome with the evening's excitement, *pauvre enfante*," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, apologetically: "but call and make your adieux to-morrow, gentlemen; we must not spoil such a pleasant evening by making them now."

We went away, therefore, and betook ourselves homeward along the still brilliantly-lighted Boulevards. For a time no one spoke, neither Aleck nor myself feeling at all disposed to allude to the crowning event of so many strange ones linked with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. We noticed that Krebs, for his part, seemed equally abstracted. At last he said, speaking with considerable effort:

"I wonder what you two will think of me when I tell you that, if ever I saw any one or any thing in my life, I saw Pontremoly, or Pontremoly's image, sitting by Theresine's side to-night. I couldn't be drunk on *sirop à groseilles* and weak tea. Men do not turn mad all in a moment. Yet I saw him! How I wish that some one else had seen him too!"

We stopped short and looked into each other's eager faces.

Krebs read our secret at a glance.

"You saw him—and you?" he cried, turning from Aleck to myself. "Are we all mad alike? Are we to believe that there are *doppel-gängers* in the world? or are we dreaming?"

We tried to compare our experiences soberly, and they coincided with almost complete exactness. Each of us had fallen into a long train of reflections, beginning with the first evening of Theresine's appearance in Mademoiselle Euphrosine's *salon*, and ending with our poor friend's strange fate. Each had felt the same impatience at the mystery enshrouding it; each had recalled Pontremoly's attitude of happy abandonment, while we stood looking on, so foolishly envious!

Krebs was fain to accept the supernatural interpretation only, and Aleck leaned toward his way of thinking; but I combated it with all the force of which I was capable. I entertained a wholesome horror of mystic and spiritual influences, and would not confess to the somewhat natural awe that had in the first instance taken possession of me.

"You must remember," I urged, as we talked over the matter into the small hours, "that we have all been working with abnormal activity during the past week for our examination. If we were to go on at this rate much longer we should be in a high fever, and my only wonder is that Pontremoly's apparition is the first we have seen."

"I have not a shadow of doubt," Aleck answered, "that Pontremoly is dead, and that this was the warning. Treat the matter lightly as you will, Lightfoot, I think my own thoughts about it. When my father died at the taking of Sebastopol, my mother saw him unlatch our garden gate and enter. When my great-uncle—"

"Settle it between you as you like," I said, taking up my bedroom candle, "but for Heaven's sake don't ask me to be umpire."

And I went to bed, heart-sick and heart-sore with the events of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays from first to last.

V.—THE THREADS UNRAVELED.

The next day and the next we called at Mademoiselle Euphrosine's, but Theresine did not appear. The poor child, said the ladies, had been suffering from feverish headache ever since their last soirée, and could not be induced to rise from her bed.

"My own idea," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, lightly, "is that the child is suffering from *mal de pays*, and, if so, the sooner we send her back to her parents in Italy the better, though it would be a thousand pities to leave off cultivating that fine voice of hers."

Must we, then, leave Paris without seeing Theresine for the last time? Aleck recklessly threw up his appointment at the eleventh hour, determined to have his promised word of adieu. Krebs put off his journey to the Vaterland for a week or two, gallantly bent upon acting the faithful knight to the last. I was in no particular hurry to get back to England, and thus it happened that Mademoiselle Euphrosine's wedding drew near, and found us still in Paris.

Theresine continued to remain invisible, and our messages, flowers, and other attentions brought nothing but a word or two of thanks by way of return. One afternoon Aleck came back from his daily visit of inquiry with a white face.

"She is very ill," he gasped out. "Even Mademoiselle Euphrosine acknowledges it. They have got a doctor at last."

We were all anxious enough, but Aleck's misery was terrible to witness. He could not sleep, he could not eat, he could not rest any where. His time was spent in hovering about Mademoiselle Euphrosine's *appartement*, doing little errands for the troubled ladies, fetching Theresine's medicines, etc. At this time poor Aleck himself looked like an apparition, so ghastly pale, so attenuated, so hollow-eyed was he; and we were all too much absorbed in Theresine's illness to think of the strange events that had gone before. Pontremoly's memory ceased to trouble us for a while.

At last the crisis came. Theresine died. Of Krebs's distress and my own, of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's and her sister's concern, of poor Aleck's frenzy, need I speak? These awful catastrophes darken every life by turns, and are mercifully softened by years of fore and after peace, or would be too hard to bear. We do not cease to suffer, but by God's goodness, as time wears on, we cease to despair.

Aleck's state of mind became so terrible that, to prevent him from being taken off to a *maison de fous*, our kindly friend Krebs carried him off to Central America instead.

A gigantic scientific expedition, under Imperial auspices, was about to start, when the surgeon selected to accompany it fell ill. Krebs obtained the appointment, coupled with the privilege of taking a friend who would make himself useful. The two departed. When opportunity offered Krebs sent me letters, which, as time wore on, became satisfactory. He hoped that Aleck would come home, if not a happy, at least a resigned man, and spoke of the expedition as one of great excitement and adventure.

For myself, I remained in Paris, determined to make a last effort on behalf of the mystery so vital to us all. Circumstances had occurred in my family affairs which improved my position, and rendered the so-dreaded country practice no longer obligatory. In a word, I had inherited some money. My efforts, and consequent success, will be best told by the following letter which I wrote to Krebs and Aleck about six months from the time of their departure:

"Dear Krebs and Aleck,—I have at last something to tell you about our beloved lost friends, Theresine and Pontremoly. As soon as Mademoiselle Euphrosine's marriage was over, I did all in my power to possess myself of Mademoiselle Antoinette's confidence. I won't waste your time and my own by describing the artifices and enumerating the shifts to which the little woman's persistent reticence drove me. Make love to her I could not do, but I hit upon a happy compromise. I poured gifts upon her as if I had been a lover, and took her to sights and spectacles as if I were her cousin from the country. And at last I had my reward. She told me under the strictest secrecy—I need not say to you, *verbum sap*—the following facts concerning our poor Theresine's death:

"The day before she died she told her aunt that she had been persuaded of Pontremoly's presence during their last 'Thursday,' and that the manifestations had convinced her of his death. Being pressed further on this point, she said that Pontremoly's disappearance was most likely to be accounted for by the fact of his having joined an Italian secret society, to which some of her own relations belonged. Pontremoly had always warned her that he might be summoned on some secret and dangerous mission at any moment, admonished her to live for the regeneration of Italy, and to convert others to the good cause.

"Now these facts pointed to either of two conclusions. Pontremoly had been secretly sent out of the country by the police, or he had fallen a victim to some political antagonist while fulfilling the behests of his fraternity.

"But how to arrive at any thing like ultimate truth? To go to Italy seemed the only rational plan; yet it was not without dangers and doubts. The most cautious person would hardly fail to be caught tripping on such delicate ground as that of Italian liberty, and months and years might elapse before any result were obtained.

"I started for Italy, however, and after many fruitless journeys—to Theresine's old home, for instance, and to the little country town where resided Pontremoly's old father—betook myself to Rome, and there, *en voyageur*, pursued my inquiries as circumspectly as I could.

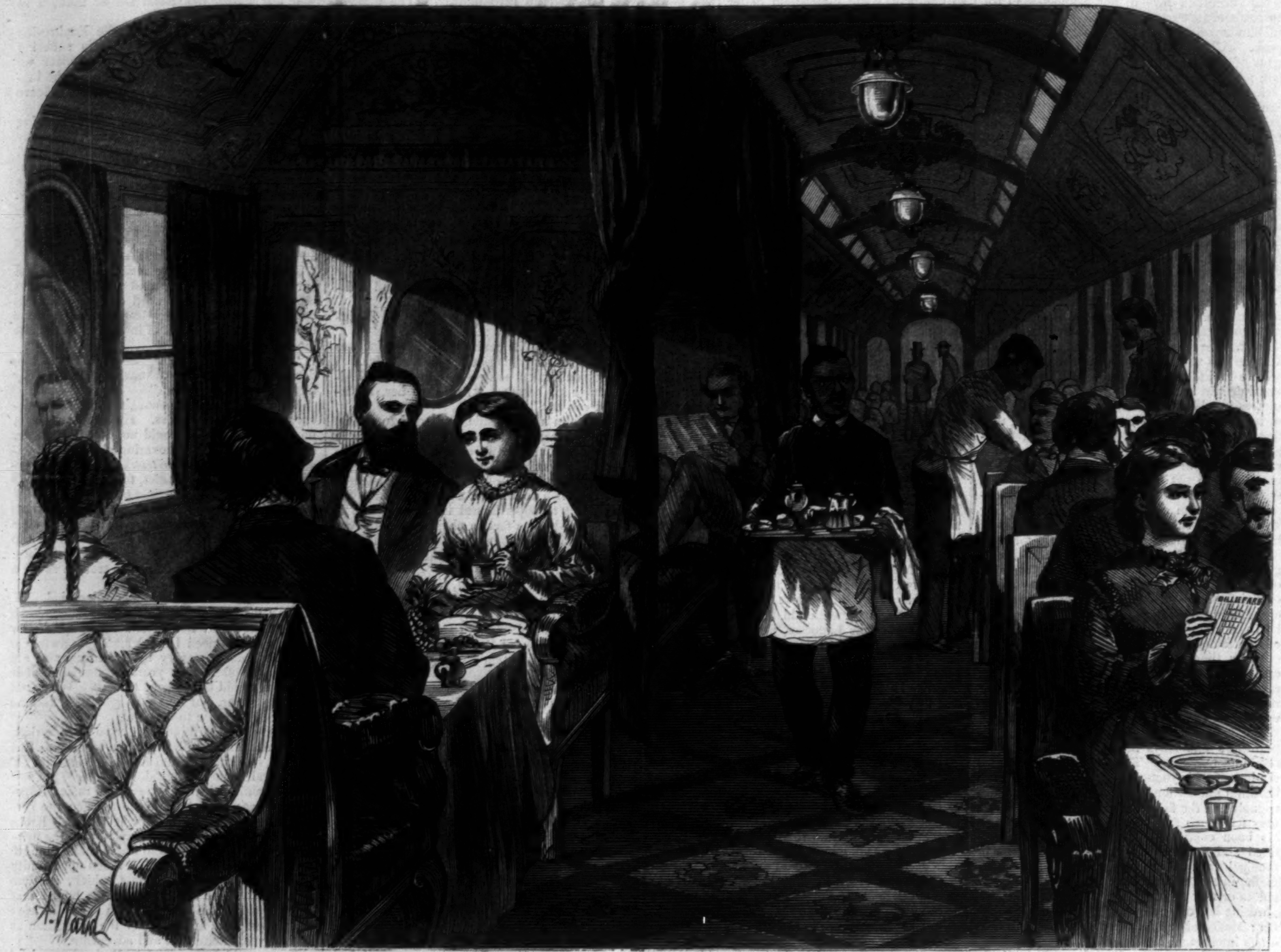
"When we meet I will tell you all; till then it suffices to say that Pontremoly met with his death while fulfilling what to him was a sacred errand. It is a consolation to know that though his 'fate' came, as he used to say, so prematurely, and from the hand of an assassin, he died for the cause he loved so well—namely, Italian freedom.

"Poor Pontremoly and poor Theresine! I have to-day placed some wreaths of immortelles upon her lonely little grave in the Cimetière Montmartre. You can easily find it if you inquire for the grave of Mürger, the novelist. It lies to the left of the same alley.

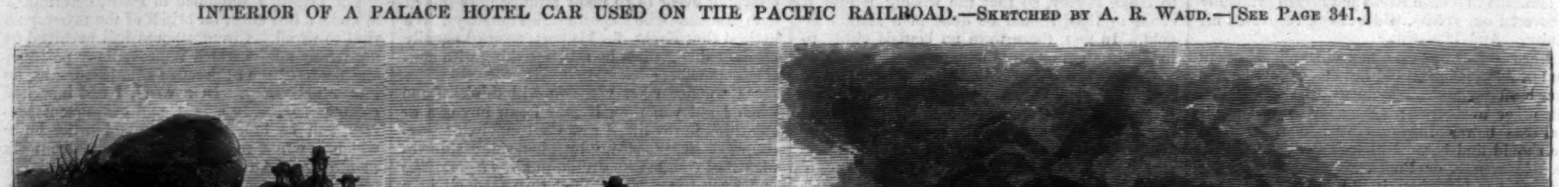
"And, now, good-by! I am off to England at last. I can afford to ask you to come and see me now, being comparatively a rich man. Come as soon as you can, and, over our cigars and coffee, we will talk over old days and old friends. Yours always,

"Harry Lightfoot."

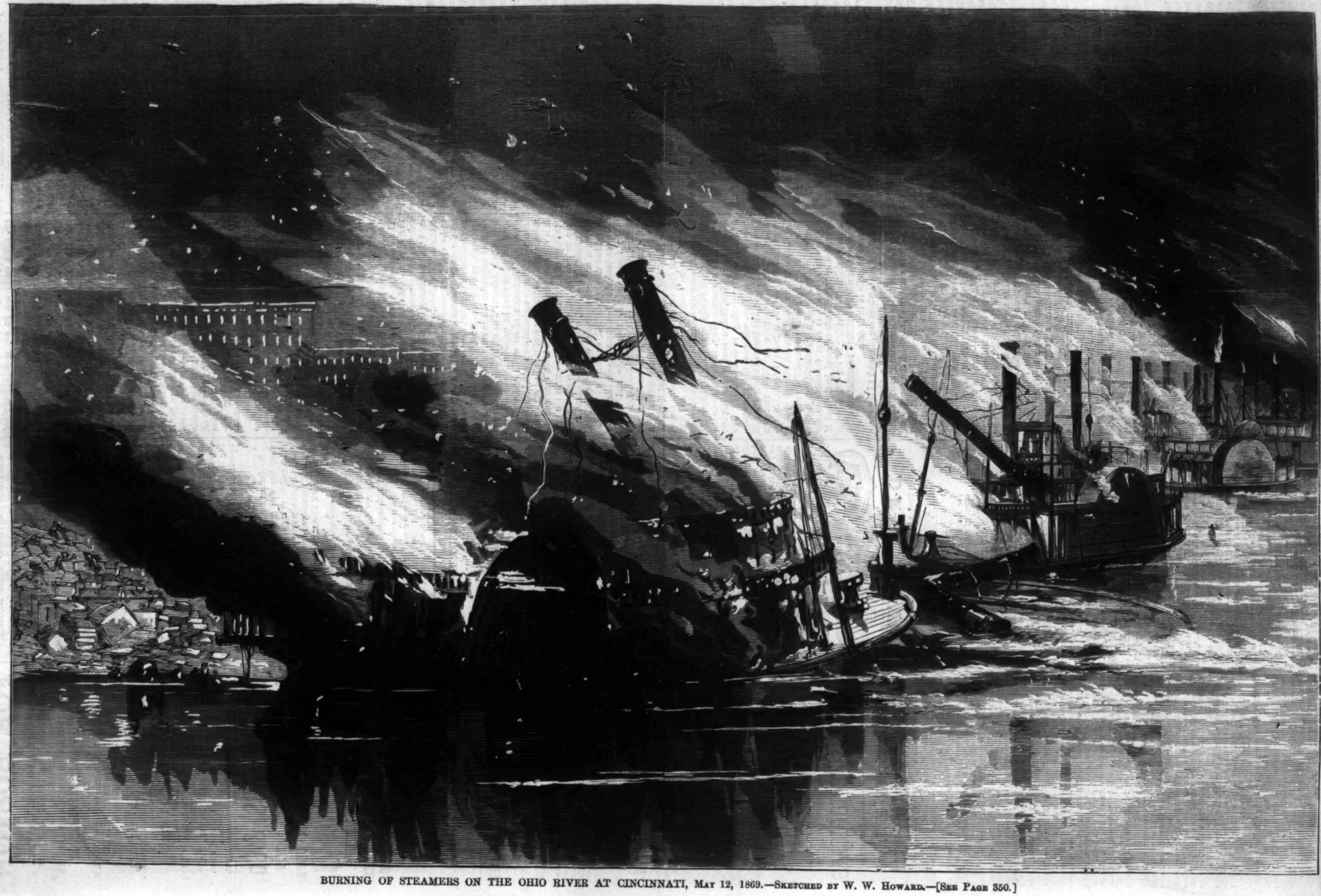
With this letter properly ends my story. I add, however, that my old comrades are both prospering, and that even Aleck is able to recall calmly the strange events connected with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.



INTERIOR OF A PALACE HOTEL CAR USED ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 341.]



WORK ON THE LAST MILE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—MINGLING OF EUROPEAN WITH ASIATIC LABORERS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See P. 341.]



BURNING OF STEAMERS ON THE OHIO RIVER AT CINCINNATI, May 12, 1869.—Sketched by W. W. Howard.—[See Page 350.]

BURNING OF STEAMERS AT CINCINNATI.

We illustrate on page 349 the disastrous conflagration which took place on the Ohio River, at Cincinnati, on the morning of May 12. A little before two o'clock a fire broke out in the *Clifton*, caused, it is supposed, by the upsetting of a lamp. Five steamers were lying in close proximity, and above these six others. In less than half an hour the six steamers below were destroyed, nearly all of them being burned to the water's edge. Those on board the *Clifton* were just able to escape with their lives, so rapid was the conflagration. Before the earliest engines could reach the scene four of the boats were already in flames. The heat was so intense that they could only approach the boats with the greatest difficulty. But their daring was equal to the emergency, and they fought their fierce foe at close quarters. Some of the boats had on board a large quantity of oil, and as the barrels caught fire they floated out into the river, and then down the stream, making it a stream of burning fire. The Kentucky shore was lighted up, and the flames showed its banks filled with spectators drawn from their beds by the magnificent spectacle.

A deck-hand was burned to death on the *Clifton*, and it is reported that five hands on the *Cheyenne* suffered a similar fate. Three or four men from the *Darling* were drowned in their attempt to get ashore. The loss of property amounted to nearly $1,000,000, exclusive of cargo.

CORAL.

The part played by the coral animal in the history of the world is so great and important as to astonish all but those who know and understand the power of Him who ordains strength out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, who comprehendeth the dust of the earth in a measure, and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Whether we look backward or to the present time, we see how great a part has been assigned to the small creature of whose characteristics and works it is proposed to say something in this paper. In the depths of the limestone and tertiary formation of the earth's crust there are substantial proofs of the antiquity and the laborious energy of the coral animal; and if we look abroad at the present day, and see the manifest changes which the results of this little creature's industry are producing upon the face of the earth—or rather of the ocean—we shall equally wonder at the wisdom and the might of that great God who makes all His creatures subserve the grand scheme of creation, and assigns to some of the most insignificant among them the task of constructing "continents to be."

With the works of the *corallium*—for by this name it will be convenient to call the coral animal—in the past, we have here no concern. Suffice it to say that a peculiar formation, known to geologists as *coralline rag*, is called after the little creature, and establishes the nobility of its pedigree. But the corallium's function in the present is still more important, to judge by what one sees of it in actual operation. Four distinct forms of dry land does the corallium make to appear, though the material with which it builds is the same in all. There are, of course, several styles of building, some of the animals choosing to build elaborate and splendid work, while the great mass of this simple operative class, without much taste and with only a general design, pile up a fabric more remarkable for its solidity and strength than for its beauty. The same sort of creature, however, is employed, the only difference being that with the corallium, as with the human being, there is skilled and unskilled labor in the market, each doing good service, and neither being quite independent of the other. Before describing the little creature itself, let us take a glance at its productions, which have been spoken of as so vast and so important.

The works of the coral are known as *lagoon islands* or *atolls*, *encircling reefs*, *barrier reefs*, and *coral fringes*. The first-named are rings of coral, varying in diameter, and inclosing a portion of the sea. They are rarely higher above the level of the sea than from six to twelve feet; and though some of them are larger, the average breadth of the solid coral rock forming the ring is not more than a quarter of a mile. In consequence of this, they are frequently not discernible from seaward until the spectator is close upon them, and generally therefore within their dangerous influence. Sometimes—that is to say, when the atoll is not a very recent one—they are conspicuous by the cocoa-nut or pandanus trees, of which the seeds, brought from a distance of many hundreds, it may be thousands, of miles, by the great carrier the ocean, have taken root and formed a covert for birds and insects, which assist materially in welding the crude coral mass, and in making habitable for man that which by nature could yield him no comfort, though it might do him infinite harm.

The size of these atolls varies considerably—the largest known is in the Maldive Archipelago, and is eighty-eight miles in length and nearly twenty in breadth; others, again, are not more than three-fourths of a mile across from edge to edge. The Pacific and Indian oceans are, par excellence, the homes of lagoon islands; in them they flourish in countless multitudes, and form one of the chief difficulties to navigation, because of their treacherous character, lying as they do almost *perdus* a little above the surface of the water. In many cases, however, it is quite possible for ships, even those of large size, "out of this nettle danger to pluck the flower safety;" for if the channel by which communication is kept up between the surrounding sea and the interior of the atoll can only be discovered, and be deep enough for the passage of the vessel, there could not be any safer hiding-place from the wind, or surer covert from the tempest, than a lagoon island. Be the sea never so troubled outside the magic circle, roll the surf never so fiercely up and over the outer sides of the island, within the precincts of the lagoon itself all is calm and quiet; and not only so, but there is anchorage as well, though outside the reef the deep-sea lead may show no bottom. Fifty fathoms would show a deep lagoon, twenty would be a more common depth, and the bottom at that depth affords good holding for the anchors. On the seaward side the coral shelves gradually to about twenty-five fathoms, which is the depth at about two hundred yards away from the outer edge; beyond that the soundings suddenly cease, and there is no bottom two yards away from where soundings were struck at twenty-five fathoms. Upon this gradually sloping side the sea-water breaks in a perfect fury of surf, with a roar so loud that it is often the first indication to the mariner of his approach to the neighborhood of danger. The sound of it may be heard many miles off.

How are these atolls formed? At one time it was supposed that the *corallium* selected some site at the bottom of the sea, on which, with an infinite army of its fellows, it worked and piled till the structure, like another Tower of Babel, reached that height which, for wise purposes, it was not allowed to exceed—that it then became rock, upon which other rocks of a like nature moulded themselves, the mass growing until an island was formed. But the principle of agglomeration was not understood, and there was nothing but conjecture on which to base the first part of the theory, which is now quite exploded. The belief now entertained by scientific men is that lagoon islands are but the crowned heads of submerged mountains, or, to speak more correctly, of mountains the plains to which are the bottom of the ocean. The corallia, for reasons to be explained presently, have chosen to build on the sunken mountain-head; it is established as a matter of fact that they can not live, much less work, at a deep-sea level. Mr. Darwin, who went as naturalist in the scientific voyage made by the late Admiral Fitzroy in H.M.S. *Beagle*, thus describes what he considers to be the true process of formation of an atoll: "An island mountain, closely encircled by a coral reef, subsides, while the fringing reef that had sunk with it is constantly recovering its level, owing to the tendency of the coral animals to regain the surface by renewed perpendicular structures; these constitute first a reef, encircling the island at a distance, and subsequently, when the inclosed island has wholly subsided, an atoll."

It has been said that these lagoon islands are to be found only in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Why not in the Caribbean Sea and the West Indian waters? It is said that the West India Islands are but the summits of a great district of country that once filled the Gulf of Mexico, that the land slipped, or was forced away by some great power of nature, and was buried—all save the mountain-tops, which were precipitous, and so high as to show far above the surface of the water. Why, then, are there not atolls in the West Indian seas, where barrier, fringing, and encircling reefs abound? The reason given is, that, whereas the mountain-heads in the Pacific and Indian Oceans are still subsiding, there is reason to think that the mountain-tops, or West India Islands, in the Caribbean Sea are continuously, though slowly, rising. Submergence is an essential condition to the development of a lagoon island, just as the contrary process is most favorable to the formation of other kinds of coral land; and if the supposition of the rising of the West Indies be correct, it will be sufficient to account for the absence of atolls in their seas.

Barrier reefs, which are the work of the same animals, are thus formed. At a distance of thirty fathoms under water—the greatest depth, it has been ascertained, at which the corallia can live—the animals begin to build the first story of their house, upon the strong foundation of some island's side. They work onward and upward, till, by the upheaval of the land, or other cause, they come in contact with the air above the surface of the water. The atmospheric air is so much poison to them—they die when they breathe it, and their little bodies go to form an additional though tiny brick in the structure which during life they contributed to rear. In the course of years a considerable extent of coral gets thus exposed to view, the birds and the waves bring seeds and plants to clothe it, and the new land becomes a geographical entity in the world.

Sometimes these barrier reefs encircle a place, and in course of time get joined on to it; where they are not so joined, it is probably due to the checking action of fresh-water streams, the mud and fluvial salts of which are, equally with the atmospheric air, fatal to the corallium. Another cause at times operates to prevent the junction of the greater with the less; the hardihood of the corallium is such that it selects the outer or seaward side of the reef to work upon, in preference to the less troubled quarters on the inner side. The violence of the sea, though it will occasionally break off considerable pieces of the little creature's masonry, and fling them high and dry on the rock above, not only does not frighten the corallium, but actually encourages it. "Contra audentior ito," is the creature's motto when waves roll roughly and tempests roar, and in the action of the sea-water the corallium finds a tonic and an incentive to exertion which it would lack in a calmer berth. The retired places are for the delicate and the artistic among corallia, who in them lead a luxurious, lazy sort of life, contributing ornament and elegance toward the finishing of the building on which the more rugged and hardy are employed as ordinary masons.

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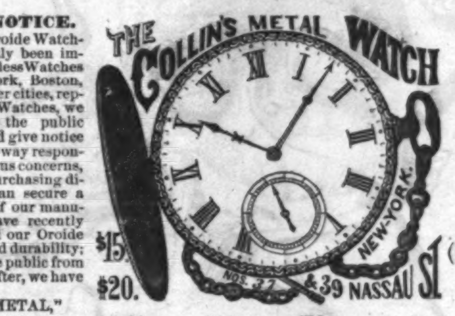

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